

# The Sketch

No. 851. — Vol. LXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK: MR. MATHESON LANG AS PHILIPPE MARCHIALI  
IN "THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILLE," AT THE LYCEUM.

In "The Prisoner of the Bastille," Mr. Matheson Lang plays Louis XIV. and Philippe Marchiali, his twin-brother, the Man in the Iron Mask. Of the Man in the Iron Mask it may be worth while to quote a few lines from a description given with the Lyceum programme—"The Man in the Iron Mask": this was a popular name given to a prisoner who was confined in the Bastille from August 21, 1669, until his death in 1703, and originated from the fact that he always wore a mask of iron covered with black velvet, and that his face was never seen by any person except the governor of the prison . . . . It was not until Voltaire published his 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' in 1751, that any attempt was made to penetrate the mystery. This writer suggested that he was the son of Anne of Austria, born in 1626; and in 1790, in the Memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu, he was identified as the twin-brother of Louis XIV., put away by the Great Cardinal to avoid the ill of dispute as to the succession."

# THE £10,342 VERDICT AGAINST AN ART DEALER:

CHINA THAT WAS SOLD TO THE LATE MR. C. J. DICKINS BY MR. ARTHUR ELLIS.



1. "LADY AND GENTLEMAN EMBRACING"—SOLD TO MR. DICKINS FOR £400.

2. "LADY PURCHASING JEWELLERY"—SOLD TO MR. DICKINS FOR £300.

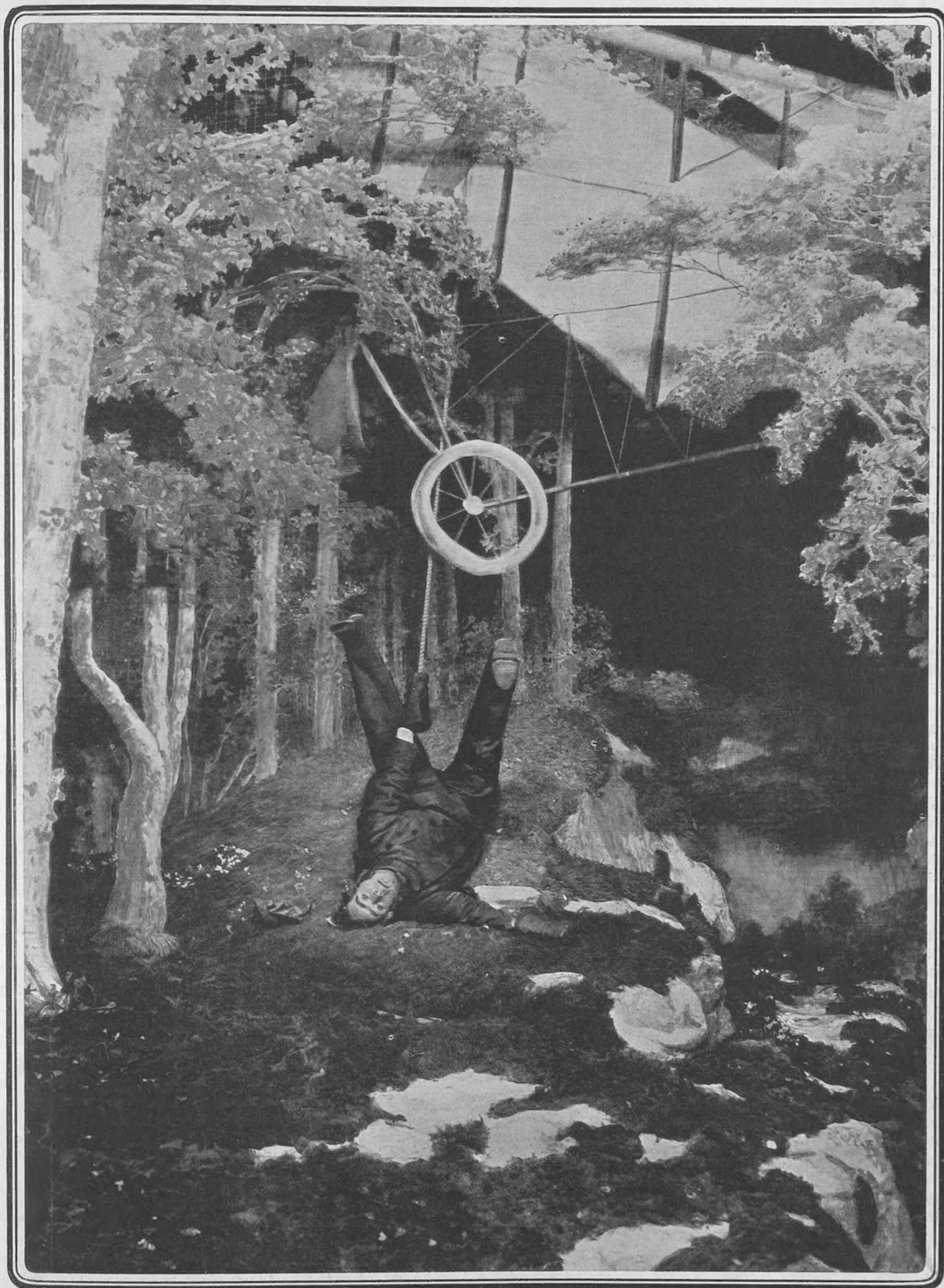
3. "AUGUSTUS THE STRONG AND THE COUNTESS OF COSEL"—SOLD TO MR. DICKINS FOR £1200.

4. "PETER THE GREAT AND FREDERICK THE GREAT DIVIDING THE WORLD BETWEEN THEM"—SOLD TO MR. DICKINS FOR £440.

The executors of the late Mr. Charles J. Dickins claimed damages from Mr. Arthur Ellis, trading as Joseph Philpott, Old Bond Street, a dealer in old china, for alleged fraudulent representations in the sale of certain china and damages for breach of warranty. The defence was that the china was not sold on any representations, and that if it was, the representations were not fraudulent, but made in the belief that they were true. It was stated in the case that the series of twenty-six transactions in question involved the payment by Mr. Dickins of about £13,000 for articles worth less than £1000. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiffs for the full amount in the statement of claim, and judgment was given for £10,342 and costs. The articles shown in court were impounded. We are enabled to reproduce these illustrations of some pieces of the china sold to Mr. Dickins by Mr. Arthur Ellis by courtesy of Mr. William Oppenheim, of the Dresden China Depot, 43, Farringdon Street, expert in the case, who imports the genuine china from the Royal Dresden China Manufactory.



ACQUIRING THE BUMP OF LOCALITY :  
HEAD FIRST INTO ARCADIA.



THE ONLY ALIEN EVER DUMPED INTO ARCADIA: JAMES SMITH, OF LONDON, DESCENDS INTO  
THE LAND OF TRUTH.

Our illustration shows Mr. Dan Rolyat as James Smith in "The Arcadians," landing in Arcadia after a fall from his aeroplane.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*



# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



EAST ANGLIA.

*I write, as you see, from East Anglia. I have been sent down here by my Editor, friend the reader, to investigate these rumours of air-ships that pass in the night. No expense is to be spared; I have engaged the best suite of rooms at the Sudden Death Inn, and my pockets are filled with twopences to be expended, as occasion requires, on beer for the local see-ers of queer sights.*

THIS morning (Wednesday) I interviewed an Ipswich bill-sticker. "Yes, Sir," he said, looking at his empty quart-pot in the dreamily poetic way that is so characteristic of East Anglia, "you may take my word for it that there's more in this than some folks imagine."

"In the tankard?" I said.

"Thank you very kindly, Sir. Same again, Miss. Yes; I've seen the air-ship—anyway, what I takes to be an air-ship. It was my old woman as heard it first. 'Harry,' she said, 'get up and look out of the window. There's somebody after the chickens.' 'And welcome,' I said, being pretty tired, you must understand, Sir, after posting a couple of hundred double-crowns with me own hands. 'All right, dearie,' she said, 'don't you trouble. I'll look meself.' Knowing what that meant, Sir, I got out of bed and went to the window."

"Take your time," I suggested, scenting a scoop. "Make yourself comfortable."

"Well, I don't mind if I do, Sir. Same again, Miss, if you please. Yes, I went to the window, but, to my surprise, there was nothing to be seen but a black mass—no sky, no stars, no cabbages, no wood-shed, no fowl-run—nothing."

"Yes, yes?" I leaned forward, thrilled from head to foot by the excitement of the narrative.

"Well, Sir, as you may imagine, I was considerable startled. The next moment, a bright light flashed straight into my eyes, and I distinctly saw the gleam of armour."

"You mean guns, of course."

"Well, Sir, I'm not going to contradict a gentleman of your learning, but it seemed to me more like the gleam of a 'elmet—one o' these brass 'elmets." His voice sank to a mysterious whisper. "I've seen pictures o' the Emperor o' Germany in such, many's the time."

"Do you mean to suggest that the Emperor of Germany was in your back-garden at that time of night?"

"And why not, Sir?" His manner grew pugnacious. "If my back-garden's good enough for me an' the old woman—well, thank you, Sir. Same again, Miss."

THURSDAY (by pigeons).

I have been fortunate enough to secure the following signed statement on the subject of the mysterious air-ship from Police-constable Alfred Noot, to whose outstanding abilities I am happy to call attention. The officer in question writes as follows—

"On the night of the 11th ult., acting upon information received, I proceeded from the Sudden Death to the paddock at the back of the Hair of the Dog. After remaining there for some five hours, without moving so much as an eyelid, I was just about to go off duty, when I noticed a strange light in the sky, over towards Ipswich, which lies east of the Hair. I kept my attention steadily fixed on it for some minutes. The light grew brighter and brighter, until at last I could see the spire of Little Dunberry Parish Church, well known to me for many years, let alone having been married there. My attention was called away for a few minutes, owing to the opening of the Hair, and the stir accompanying that event. When I returned to my place of outlook it was broad daylight, and

the phantom ship, air-ship, or whatever it may have been, had completely vanished. In its place there was nothing but the sun, a heavenly body, as well, or better, known to me than the Parish Church of Little Dunberry. "(Signed) ALFRED NOOT."

FRIDAY (by special runner).

I have been out on my bicycle all day, questioning the villagers, and encouraging, even exhorting, them to draw upon their memories for details of the mysterious sequence of occurrences that has thrown a spell, half of fascination, half of fear, over these islands. After spending upwards of a sovereign in beer, I have discovered no fewer than fifty-three people who are prepared to swear positively that they have seen the air-ship. One of them, a somewhat dissolute-looking character, maintains that he touched it, and even showed a blister on his hand caused by the heat of the engine, with which his hand came in contact. Upon this excellent story, unfortunately, some doubt is thrown by a neighbour, who tells me that the man in question was released from gaol as recently as Monday last, whereas he professes to have touched the air-ship during the preceding week. I therefore send you the story for what it is worth. In another village, I came across an old woman who tells fortunes and so forth by the cards. Having gone through the formality of crossing her hand with silver, I learnt that she knew nothing whatever of the air-ship, and regarded the whole story as a parcel of lies.

I returned to the Sudden Death very tired, having passed what I consider to be a highly profitable day.

SATURDAY (by private car).

Profiting by my experience of yesterday, I have spent the whole of to-day in the Sudden Death, alternating between the bar-parlour and the tap-room, both of which have been filled to overflowing. Almost everybody, I am interested to inform you, has obtained an excellent view of the air-ship. The one exception is the usual young gentleman of restricted intelligence, who does not drink. As regards the others, I give you the most graphic descriptions that I have been able to elicit as to the appearance of the air-ship. Any slight discrepancy in the statements must be attributed to variations of atmospherical condition, and so on—

LUKE DORRELL (the postman). A sort of long, black thing, shaped like a sausage, with a long tail hanging down to the ground and a head like a ball of fire.

JAMES NUTTY (ostler). A balloon with the middle taken out of it, something like a horse-collar. Three or four men with knives and telescopes sitting on top.

ROBERT WAGSTAFF (saddler). A golden vessel shaped like a bird. Carried a couple of Long Tom guns and provisions to last a month. Darted up into the sky directly he looked at it.

JOHN SMALLWOOD (clerk to the magistrates). A fiery serpent with fangs of flame. Swept twice round his head and vanished.

SUNDAY (conveyed personally).

The Vicar of the village of which the Sudden Death Inn constitutes the chief centre of interest preached an eloquent sermon this morning, at my suggestion, on the subject of the air-ship. I promised him that I would do my best to persuade you to print it in full, but that, of course, is a matter that must be left to your discretion. His chief points were that England was beset by foes, foes of darkness as well as of light, and that it behoved every man, woman, and child to buckle on armour. He then rambled off into a lamentation over the debt on the organ, of which I did not take a note. Pending further instructions, I return to-day.



THE PIONEER OF THE NEW OUTSIDE STOCKBROKING.



CAUSE OF A SENSATION IN THE CITY: MR. H. ST. JOHN OLIVER, WHO HAS RETIRED FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE, AFTER 22 YEARS' MEMBERSHIP, TO ESTABLISH THE FIRM OF H. ST. JOHN OLIVER & CO., STOCK AND SHARE BROKERS.

Mr. Oliver's recent retirement from the London Stock Exchange to establish the firm of H. St. John Oliver and Co., 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, has been this week's City sensation. Mr. Oliver's firm specialise in Kaffirs, and many desirous of participating in the present "boom" are consulting them.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full  
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of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on  
each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

### A Discovery.

What a mighty lot of things a man don't know who knows everything, b'Jove! What? This great truth has just been—to use a professional journalistic phrase that is paid for at the rate, so I'm told, of a ha'penny a line, and is signed—"brought home" to me, and has made me very delighted and something humble: very delighted because, after all said and done, d'y'see, I *do* know a goodish bit, and there is nothin' so enjoyable in life as a little surprise; and something humble because—well, you'll see when I state the facts in my flowin', haltin' way, so easy to imitate, so difficult to copy, so frightfully rotten to those who take it merely as a bit of writin', so invaluable to those who know somethin' about philosophy and that sort of thing. That over, the horn of the huntsman havin' been duly and openly blown, I'll settle down to my swing, keep my eyes in the boat, and row the course. Now on Saturday last, full of ardour and holdin' on to a new baffie, I left London, the whole of which is down with Budgetitis, to find a spot where the two horrid words Lloyd-George would not strike the ear, where, for several charming hours, I should hear no home truths about the pension-seekin', clam-like Government, and where I could breathe in an air that was not laden—as it naturally is in all London clubs just now—with anger, disgust, and ripe old Saxon.

### Green, and Again Green.

And so I took the train from Paddington, intendin' to pick up a match with a man whose official handicap is eighteen, but whose game is somewhere about eight—there's nothin' like it for excitement and language—to go round twice, with cold meat and pickled walnuts and a huge beaker of pale ale in between. Well, d'y'see, I got to my golf club—the Great Western is a remarkable line for puttin' you out at the station you've booked to—startled a group of collarless caddies, with trick-trousers, who had evidently given up hope, found the excellent and humorous steward whistlin' "Annie Laurie," while he removed the weeds from a bed of spring onions, was informed that I was the only man down—the Budget seems to have put people off drivin'—and decided to go forth alone with a mashie, just to endeavour to flick up a Colonel sweet and true, and place it somewhere within forty feet of the pin from a distance of twenty yards. When a man can do that once in six he may be said to have conquered golf. What? So I got into appropriate clothes, especially constructed to send a ball two hundred and twenty yards, and frighten the sheep at ten, encased my feet with a much-pitted pair of brogues—with a Scotch accent, and with a beautiful design of nails on the soles—filled my pockets with pills

of all ages and all conditions of dissipation, shouldered the mashie, and went forth. The sun was shinin'. The turf was jumpy with youth and energy. Green to the right, green to the left, green in front and behind, the greenest of greens, green as the typical undergraduate; sheep were wolfin' their perpetual breakfast, and goin' baa, just to break the monotony. A soft breeze made music through the growin' grasses and made ripples on the little rivers that wound in and out about the course, accompanied by their inevitable companions, the willows, newly broken into leaf. From here and there came the—to me—slightly bored voice of the cuckoo, who, because he knew that he couldn't sing, insisted, after the manner of our leading musical-comedy young persons, in makin' a noise. Everywhere white patches of daisies lying like spilt milk, the yellow heads of buttercups, and in places the always-refreshin' sight of a man at work, mowin', poor devil, and longin' for luncheon hour.

### A New Hobby, b'Jove.

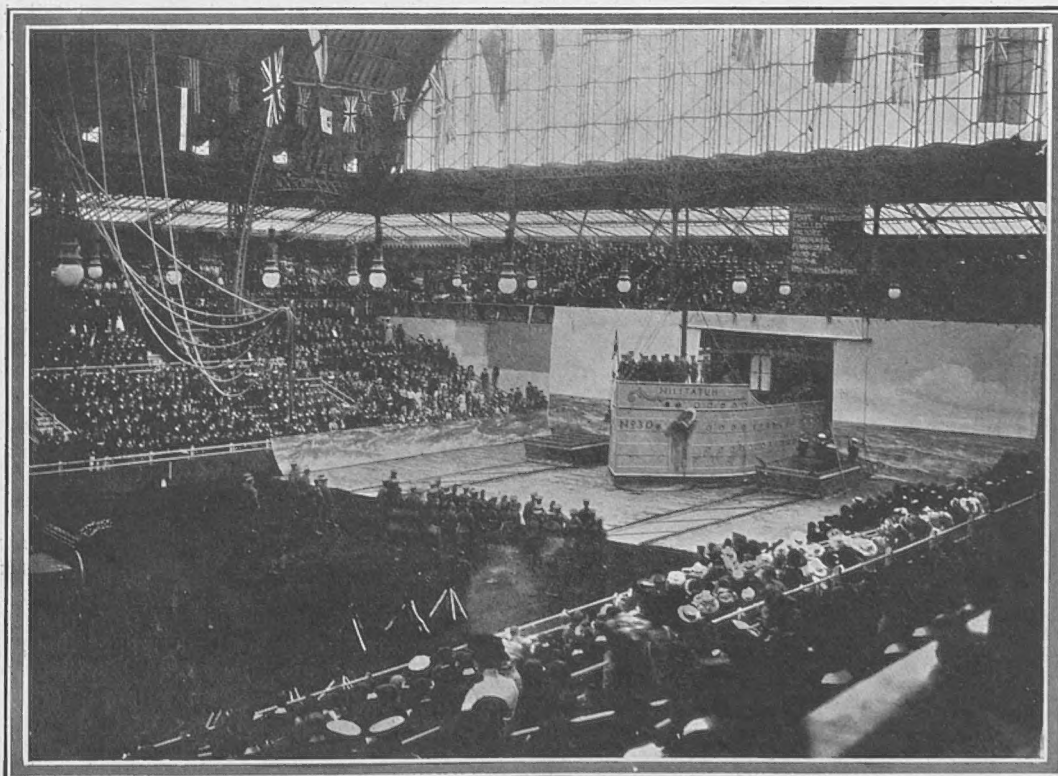
The whole earth lay flat and green and quiet, golden under the sun. The light clear and strong and alive with dancin' specks, with larks breakin' records in the most breathless and amazin' manner, goin' up from secret places, flingin' out their hysterical song, their one long, ceaseless rush of Melba notes as they went higher and higher, floatin', backwaterin', and paddlin' in the breeze, and then fallin', still goin' it hard, till within a yard of earth, and then stoppin' dead. What orgies of innocence, what bursts of exuberant energy! Well, there bein' so much to watch and listen to in this place where there was nothin' to watch and nothin' to listen to, I simply walked on, watchin' and listenin', with my pills dozin' in my pocket and my mashie peerin' under my arm, and the sun kissin' my bland and nicely cut face. And I wandered on until I came to a burst of grass between two streams, all young and fresh and keen, and there I sat down and diagnosed the position. In fact, I felt doocid queer—doocid queer in an uncommonly enjoyable way. I felt a little emotional, as one feels at the Opera when one shuts one's eyes, so as not

to see the singers, and listen to Wagner. I had seen all this before, but, good Lord!—I'd never looked at it till then. Eh? That was what was the matter. I was like a man who had inherited a picture of a gorgeous stretch of country, all young and springy, hung it up in his room because it was the thing to do, stood in front of it for years, and all of a sudden discovered that he was lookin' out of window—that the thing had come to life. See what I mean? It gave me a sort of shock. Honestly, I had no notion that the country, growin' things and singin' things, and the sun, meant anythin'. Well!



HARRY LAUDER "LOST" THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH COMEDIAN AS A NIGGER AT LAST WEEK'S CHARITY MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE.

That burnt cork is an excellent disguise has been long recognised by those writers of popular fiction who, "knocking up" summer stories, have a habit of letting the hero become a nigger, that he may woo and win his lady love under the eyes of her unsagacious parents in safety. Who would imagine that this photograph shows Harry Lauder as one of "The Grand Order of Water-Rats Mastodon Minstrels."



A TROOP-SHIP IN AN ARENA; DISEMBARKING MEN AND STORES FROM A TRANSPORT, DURING THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA.

Photograph by Galle and Polden





# THE CLUBMAN

**The Tax on Clubs.** There is some searching of hearts in the clubs over the Budget, and many old gentlemen are preparing to be very angry when they find that the committee have changed the prices of glasses of spirits, as they probably will be obliged to. Club finance is not elastic. Except in the cases of certain clubs which are putting by a nest-egg to meet foreseen expenses, such as a rise in rent, clubs only require to make their receipts show a narrow margin over their expenditure, for the members very naturally wish to enjoy the advantages they gain by payment of entrance-fees and an annual subscription, and do not care to pile up money for their successors to make use of. Therefore, the taxing of the clubs' liquid supplies will fall at once on the members of the clubs. Most of the members of the clubs I belong to seem to accept the tax with philosophic calm, but some of the choleric elders are stoking up for a terrible outburst.

## The Regent's Allowance.

I gather that regimental messes and canteens are likely to be exempted from the club tax, or at least to be treated very lightly. George IV. gave an allowance to officers' messes, in order that the officers might be enabled to drink the health of the King every night after dinner. In most regiments that allowance has been partly diverted from its original purpose, and a portion of the Regent's allowance goes to cheapen the cost of the very simple food our officers eat nowadays. I fancy that the remainder of the Regent's allowance will in most cases now go to cheapen the very simple liquids—"pegs" and beer—which our officers drink at their meals, and which may be affected by the new taxes, and that the ghost of the Regent, if it occasionally walks the earth, will find that only on guest-nights will his allowance be used for its original purpose. If the canteen profits fall at all it is Thomas Atkins who will suffer, for the Canteen Fund, administered by the colonel of a regiment, pays for prizes at the regimental sports; coffee at halfway halts on long marches, and meets many other necessary expenses which the Horse Guards authorities consider should not be included in the Estimates. Therefore, I hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will deal as lightly as the exigencies of the case permit with messes and canteens.

## The Paris Strike.

I sincerely trust my postman in Picardy is not on strike in sympathy with the Parisian postmen, for he is a good fellow, and I should grieve if his place were taken by a soldier with whom I might not be on friendly terms. My postman wears his képi well on the back of his head,

and a sandy curl comes down on to his forehead. He has a cheery word for all the maid-servants. He is not averse to a little gossip with the patrons, though he has to cover a long distance of road in a stated time, and must put on extra speed to make up for every little chat.

## Empire Day.

If Empire Day does nothing else, it will teach us the names of all our Colonies. I warrant me that not one Englishman in a thousand could write out a correct list of all our Colonies and dependencies across the seas, and that not one Englishman in ten thousand could give exactly



THE STRANGEST HOSPITAL VISITOR IN THE WORLD: A REAL LIVE TEDDY-BEAR AT THE GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

the differences in the fifty-six flags. If I were asked suddenly where Labuan is I should have to think for a second or two to be quite sure that it is not one of the West Indies; I should probably omit Ascension and the Falkland Islands from my list, and Lagos is such an unpretending little colony that if I were in a hurry it might slip my memory also. Every colony that wishes to be remembered by the Mother Country should have a shop-window in the Strand with strange birds and beasts in it, and monstrous heads of corn, and photographs showing how an emigrant who goes out with ten shillings in his pocket can in five years live in a palace, and be the owner of a farm as large as an English county.

## Flags of the Colonies.

I am not surprised that when the suggestion was first made that the schoolboys of Britain should carry the fifty-six flags of the Empire in the great march-past on Empire Day, it was found that some of the banners were unobtainable in London, and that the flag-makers were set to work to clip and sew in order that no colony, not even the smallest, should not be represented in what Mr. Haldane calls the waving of flags. I shall look with curiosity to see what some of the flags are. I have lived for several years in some of the Colonies without knowing their distinguishing flags. Thus I have not the least idea what is the proud banner of Hong-Kong or of the Straits Settlements. The Union Jack is flown by all the people in authority on land; but where the Colonial flag in small colonies flies, except, perhaps, on the Governor's yacht, I do not know—which, of course, proves that I am one of the ignorant people for whom Empire Day was invented.

## The Boy Scouts.

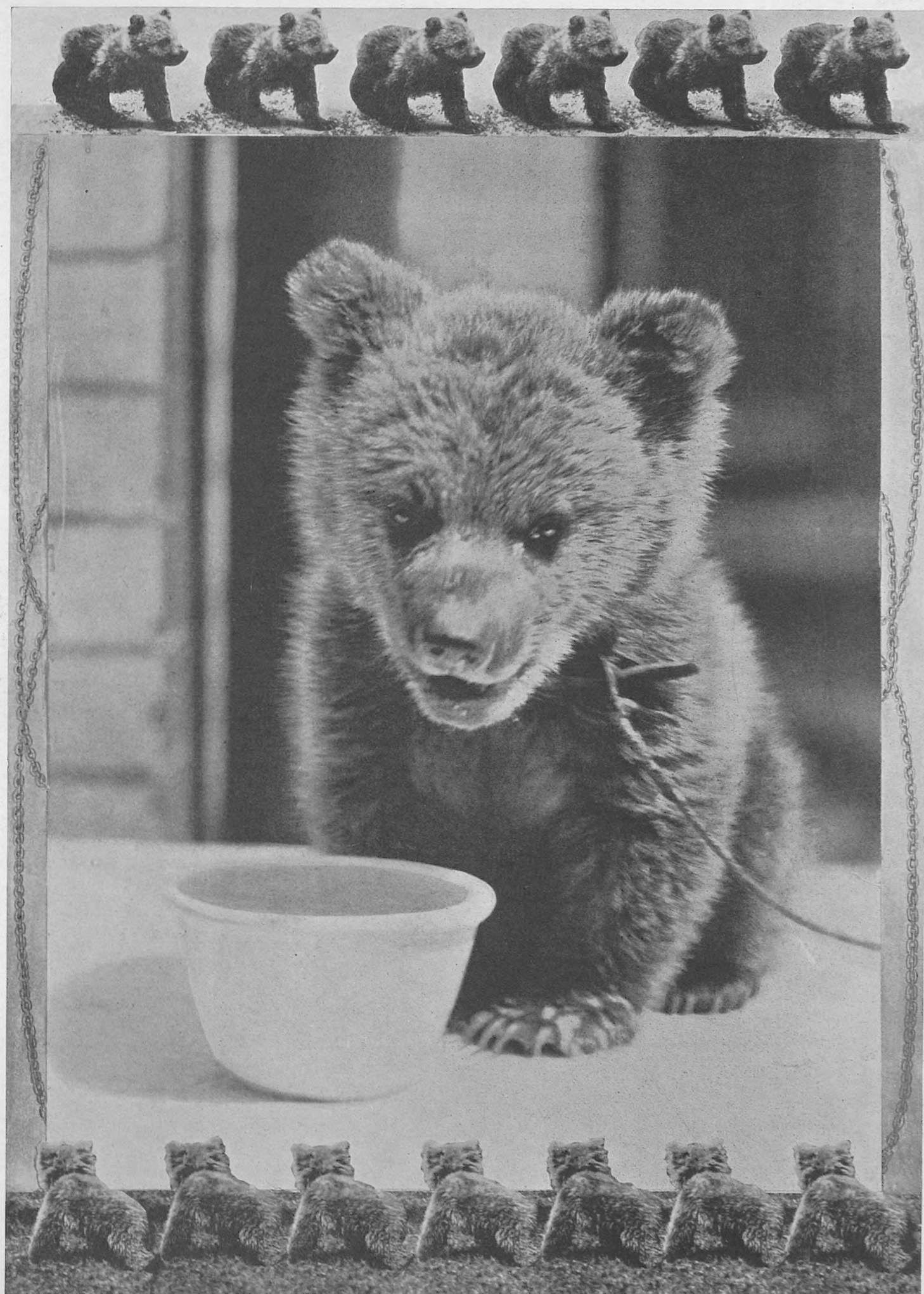
The parade *en masse* of the Boy Scouts I am looking forward to with much pleasure. Like most elderly gentlemen in London, I cannot resist the temptation to stop and watch the Boy Scouts stalking imaginary Red Indians in the parks. I even make pilgrimages to Hampstead Heath to see them on their great battle-ground. Their intense seriousness always delights me: the smaller the Scout is the more conscious he is that the maintenance of the British Empire rests on his little shoulders. They should look well in a great body, and their coloured shoulder-knots will give a touch of brilliancy to the parade.



TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION! A LIVE TEDDY BEAR WITH CHILDREN AT THE GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL.—(Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.)



DID YOU BELIEVE THAT IT EXISTED? THE LIVE "TEDDY."



A REMARKABLE HOSPITAL-VISITOR: JACK, OTHERWISE ROOSEVELT, A MASCOT, BUT UNPERTURBED.

Roosevelt, formerly known as Jack, is, as may be seen, ridiculously like the Teddy-bears of the toyshops. At present, he is making a tour of London hospitals, and is causing much interest and amusement.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*

# SMALL TALK



MRS. GODFREY HOLDICH (FORMERLY MISS WINIFRED FRASER), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE RECENTLY IN INDIA.

ham, the Marquise of Vieil-Castel, Mrs. Banks (of Kingston Lacy), Lady Wrey, and Mrs. Blunt (of Imberhorne). The marriage took place very quietly at St. Thomas's Cathedral, Bombay, Miss Fraser being given away by her sister, Lady Stewart Dick-Cunningham (of Prestonfield).

## A Charming Débutante.

One of the most interesting débutantes of the present season is Lady Eileen Knox, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ranfurly. Owing to the fact that her father was for so long Governor



A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE OF THE SEASON: LADY EILEEN KNOX, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY RANFURLY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

factory. This brilliant young officer is said to have built an aeroplane very superior to any of those of which the world has lately heard so much. Be that as it may, he was the first Englishman to rise from the ground in an aeroplane on British soil. Captain Dunne's beautiful little air-craft is a biplane; it is peculiarly simple and solid, and in principle and structure differs very greatly from that of any of his rivals.

*Under the Clock.* Even before the recently observed increase in the staff, the New York Customs officers were met with in surprising places and circumstances. "I always do it in a way which cannot be found out," said a confiding lady to a delightful gentleman and fellow-passenger on one of the great Atlantic liners. "I roll up gloves in each of my stockings." When the Customs House made its inquisition, the stockings in question were straightway turned inside out. Then the lady became aware that her frankness had been misplaced.

*"A Small Dance."* Lady Ridley's party on the 21st. of this month follows hard on the entertainment given by her brother in an exactly opposite political interest. The Guests, whether Whig or Tory—and it is not always easy to keep track of the interest they favour—make

ANGLO-INDIAN society has been much interested in the marriage of Mr. Godfrey Holdich, of the Royal Artillery, second son of Sir Thomas Holdich, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B. His bride, Miss Winifred Fraser, is one of a charming group of sisters and cousins well known in London and Parisian society, among them being Lady Stewart Dick-Cunningham



MISS DOROTHY MAUD LEON, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR DONALD MCNEILL ON THE 2ND OF NEXT MONTH.

Miss Leon is a daughter of the late Mr. Frank Philip Leon, and of Lady Wood, widow of the late Sir Matthew Wood, fourth B. conet. Major McNeill is the second son of the late Mr. Henry H. McNeill, of Parkmount, Antrim, and is in the 1st Royals.

Photograph by Kate Praeger.

Irish home she spends a great deal of her time in the pursuit of her favourite study. Lord Ranfurly is a keen yachtsman, and he spends many of his holidays on the sea.

## An Aeroplane Inventor.

Quite a sensation has been caused by the severance of Captain J. W. Dunne with the Army balloon



THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO FLY IN AN AEROPLANE OVER BRITISH SOIL: CAPTAIN J. W. DUNNE.

Photograph by Ball.

admirable hosts and hostesses. But nevertheless, Lady Ridley's dance of a few days later is safeguarded by that cautious and conciliatory word "small." It is an adjective that explains to the uninvited why they are neglected by a hostess who has to consider the capacity of her drawing-room

in Carlton House Terrace, and at the same time it flatters the favoured in the belief that they belong to the very few and fit. But does not Lady Ridley, when in speaking of her small dance, remind us of the painter who nervously speaks of "a little thing of my own" while he points out a picture almost as large as Euston Station?

## A Turkish Great Lady.

Mme. Rifaat, the wife of the brilliant diplomatist who was for some time Turkish Ambassador in this country, and who is now Minister for Foreign Affairs in the new Turkish Government, is Russian by birth. She is a very brilliant, intellectual woman, and is likely to play a great social part in the regenerated Constantinople. When she and her husband were in London they went out a great deal into Society, and also entertained at their delightful

house in Portland Place. Rifaat Pasha and Mme. Rifaat are each a *persona grata* at our Court, the more so as they were for a time in Athens, where they made themselves much liked by the King (who is, it will be remembered, Queen Alexandra's brother) and his Russian Consort.

*Kingsley and Calmady.* Bramshill Park, which narrowly escaped the flames during the course of a devastating common-fire that lately raged around Eversley, is the fine old Hampshire seat of Sir Anthony Cope. Eversley conjures up the name of Charles Kingsley, poet, novelist, and "muscular Christian." Kingsley, from his parsonage at Eversley, used to watch with interest the grooms and trainers of Sir Anthony's father in the grounds hard by. At Eversley, too, Kingsley's daughter, "Lucas Malet," was born; and when she sat down to write "Sir Richard Calmady," she drew upon Bramshill Park for the description of her hero's abode.

## The Passing of the Top-Floor Black.

The correspondent who lately complained that he reluctantly dragged a hat-box over half Europe, only to find at his journey's end nobody wearing the *cylindro* in Rome except a perspiring Ambassador and an occasional dentist, would be equally unhappy at Newmarket. The Earl of Coventry, it is true, still holds by the pomp and circumstance of the "topper," with the result that his headgear was unique in the Jockey Club stand the other day. Fie, fie on the race-course! Is it losing all sense of the unfitness of things?



MR. GODFREY HOLDICH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS WINIFRED FRASER TOOK PLACE RECENTLY IN INDIA.

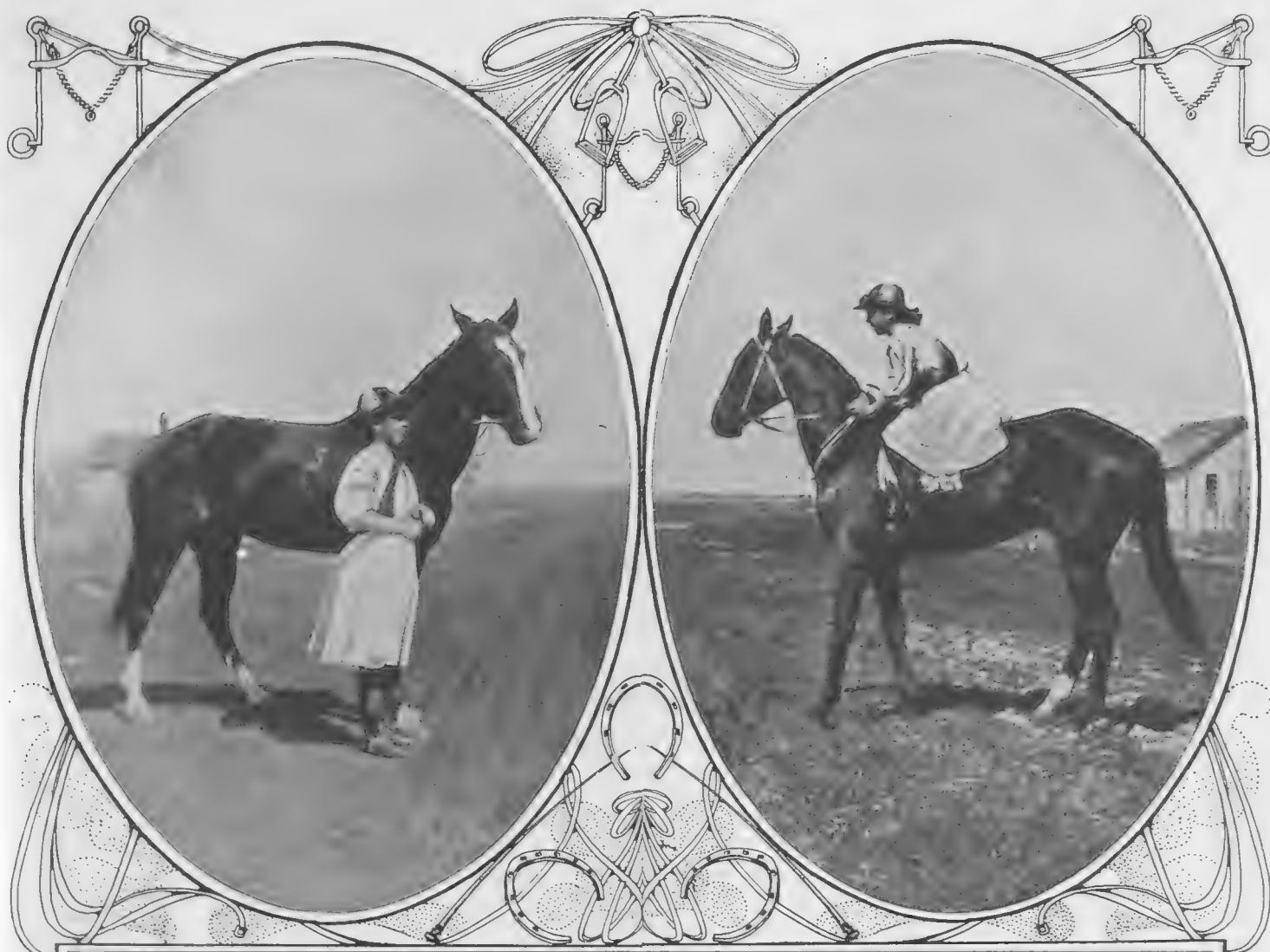


A TURKISH GREAT LADY: MME. RIFAAT, WIFE OF THE TURKISH MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Photograph by Lafayette.



## WILL THE DERBY OF 1910 BE WON BY A WOMAN?



1. THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL JOCKEY, DOROTHY KINCEL,  
AND ONE OF HER TRICK HORSES.

2. THE GIRL JOCKEY OF THE WESTERN STATES: DOROTHY KINCEL  
OUT FOR A MORNING "BREATHING."

3. DOROTHY KINCEL UP: THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL JOCKEY ABOUT TO START IN A RACE AGAINST BOY JOCKEYS.

Dorothy Kincel, as we have noted, is twelve years of age, and comes from Letcher, South Dakota. She has established a reputation as a girl jockey in Montana, the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, and other western States, and has met with very considerable success when riding against boy jockeys. She trains her own horses and is, to some extent at all events, her own stable-boy.—[Photographs by Paul Thompson.]

# CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN PEERESS:  
LADY NEWBOROUGH.

Among the most prominent of this season's hostesses seems likely to be the beautiful Lady Newborough, who before her marriage was Miss Grace Carr, the daughter of a distinguished officer in the American Army. Lady Newborough's engagement took place in Egypt, and both she and Lord Newborough are very fond of travelling and yachting. She has many hobbies, of which perhaps the principal is the collecting of exquisite old silver.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

said, the tell-tale volume, and destroyed it, as an object-lesson, in the presence of her attendants. The story, thus crudely stated, is hardly worthy of contradiction: even a Lady-in-Waiting keeps her chamber and her desk inviolate. She may not, perhaps, like Queen Alexandra, indulge the prankish indiscretions of the camera, or let the sly film perpetuate the embarrassments that may befall even monarchs in—or out of—the saddle; but she may write, and, like Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, keep her journal.

*"Private."* There is, of course, no need for the Queen to play the part of public executioner towards the diaries of her ladies. An easier method is at hand, and diarists who are suspected of being too sharp of hearing will perhaps find the frankness of royal criticism of men and things somewhat curbed in their presence. Meanwhile, the Duchess of Sutherland is all for journalising: "I advise you all to keep diaries, marked 'Private.' They may be interesting in future years, for your work is frightfully exciting," she said to the District Messenger Boys, who were last week gathered on the lawn of Stafford House for their annual fête.

*The Case of the Spectacles:* The case of the diaries recalls one curiously inconvenient Court interdiction. The Lady Lyttelton who was in attendance on Queen Victoria in the early years of her reign, and who kept a chronicle—as will all her kind, whatever betide—of her adventures, describes the pathetic plight of a High Sheriff to whose lot fell the reading of an address to the Queen. He stumbled over the words for a while, and then fell into an agitated silence. "He had been accustomed," says Lady Lyttelton, "to spectacles, which, I find, are forbidden by etiquette before royalty."

*The Music Market.* A box at Covent Garden is sometimes as full of crosses as Pandora's. It is remembered how annoyed was the late Queen when a one-time actress turned countess obtained the box adjoining her Majesty's at the Opera. The royal presence was seldom vouchsafed that season. But nowadays there are fewer prejudices

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, says a story, has exacted a promise from her Ladies-in-

Waiting not to keep diaries. Having discovered that a record was being made of opinions, expressed in the privacy of palaces, which were the reverse of complimentary to other crowned heads of Europe and to members of the Government, the Queen demanded, it is

to bear in mind, and Mr. Neil Forsyth is a less anxious man than many of his predecessors in Bow

Street. The Duke of Bedford this year flanks the royal box to the right, and on the left Queen Alexandra can post whom she pleases; Lord Esher, too, not far away, can, for seats not seldom vacated by himself, find friends whom their Majesties have pleasure in recognising.

Even the corridors should prove safe, and attractive.

*A 400th Anniversary.*

This week the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms celebrates its 400th anniversary in the banqueting-hall of St. James's Palace. Peculiar interest attaches to the "Nearest Guard." It is their pleasing duty to be in constant personal attendance on the Sovereign and his Consort, and they always have a peer as captain, the post, curiously enough, being a political one. As for the Standard-Bearer and Clerk of the Cheque, they must have held the rank of lieutenant-colonel to be eligible. Exceedingly becoming to its gallant wearers is the

uniform of the Royal Bodyguard; it is that which used to be worn by the Heavy Cavalry before the Crimean War, and consists of a scarlet coat, with heavy box-epaulettes; the helmet has a long plume of white feathers. At last Monday's function all sorts of notable men, from the Prince of Wales downwards, made a point of being present. The Nearest Guard have a delightful mess-room in St. James's Palace, and are exceedingly hospitable, the Corps entertaining a number of royal and other guests during each season.

*The Pantheon.* Sir Walter Gilbert, who has himself been harnessed to existence for nearly eighty years, comes to the mind with every straw-bedecked cart-horse we see upon the streets. And Sir Walter, the founder of the London Cart-Horse Parade Society, in his turn, carries us to the Pantheon in Oxford Street, that haunt of many memories of other royal boxes and another "first gentleman in Europe." It was at this "place of evening entertainment for the nobility and gentry," as Sir Herbert Maxwell not long ago reminded us, that Signora Agujari received £100 a night to sing two songs. That was in 1775, so Signor Caruso—who, by the way, is in London, and silent—must not shrug his shoulders. It was at the Pantheon, too, that George, Prince of Wales, and "Perdita" donned dominoes and danced and supped.



CLERK OF THE CHEQUE AND ADJUTANT OF HIS MAJESTY'S BODYGUARD OF THE HONOURABLE CORPS OF GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS: LIEUT.-COL. H. A. FLETCHER.

His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms is celebrating this week its 400th anniversary. Its original duty—and the chief of its original duties—was to form a ring round the Sovereign in time of war and guard his person with battle-axes.

Photograph by Maudie A. Craigie-Halkett.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S WIFE: MRS. ASQUITH—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

Photograph by Thomson.



NIECE OF MRS. ERNEST CUNARD:  
MISS MARJORIE CUNARD.

Mrs. Ernest Cunard, most popular of Anglo-American hostesses, is expected to entertain a good deal this season in honour of her husband's niece, Miss Marjorie Cunard. Mrs. Cunard's own daughter, née Miss Florence Padelford, is married to Lord Ebury's eldest son. Mrs. Cunard has a beautiful house in Portman Square, as well as an ideal country place quaintly named Red Rice, once the home of George IV's morganatic wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



## BRAVETS AND SQUAWETTES ; POPULAR PAPOOSES.



## INDIAN CHILDREN, OF THE RED INDIAN CAMP AT EARL'S COURT.

The children who are to be seen in the Red Indian Camp at Earl's Court are called William Goings, James Red Horse, Child Eagle Horse, Nelson Goings, and Little Red Horse.

*Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.*

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Monocle))

## Death of "Colonel Smith," and Revival of "The Thief."

Poor "Colonel Smith" had little staying power, and must be added to the very small list of howling failures in Mr. George Alexander's record as a manager. The revival of "The Thief" in place of Mr. Mason's piece gave us two Bernstein plays at one time—rather too big a dose of that strenuous situation-maker, so "Samson" is retiring. The version of "Le Voleur," though it does not present such an agreeable aspect of Mr. Alexander's talents as we had in "Colonel Smith," offers him full scope for showing power, and the bedroom scenes between him and Miss Irene Vanbrugh—better suited by her part in the French than in the English play—produce so much effect upon the audience that the work may well have another long run. Yet, at the present moment of unrest, it is rash to make any prophecy concerning the theatre.

## Revival of "Henry IV. (Part I)."

The remembrance of Mr. Lewis Waller's Hotspur in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's admirable revival at the Haymarket Theatre about thirteen years ago is still with many playgoers; and on his own production of the play, at the Lyric, for a series of matinées, it proved to be the principal feature. The actor has lost none of his fire or skill in elocution, and his strong delivery of the rich verse was most impressive. Perhaps the performance next in success was that of Mr. A. E. George, who gave a remarkably vivid, picturesque portrait of the unhappy King. Mr. Louis Calvert is one of our few actors who never seem to fail, and so his Falstaff was looked forward to with curiosity. It was excellent without, perhaps, being that ideal Falstaff who does not give the rather trying human note to the fantastic abstract of gluttony, vanity, cowardice, sensuality, and humour created by the author for the delight of readers. Mr. Robert Loraine had a hard task as the young Prince: until the scenes of war are reached, one looks vainly in the Prince for signs of the qualities displayed in the dramatist's pet hero, Henry V.; and for this the actor can hardly be blamed. When he reached the warlike note, Mr. Loraine sounded it very bravely and with excellent effect.

## An American Success.

It is said that "Love Watches" has had a great success in America, and that Miss Billie Burke made a big hit—no doubt they possess some more vigorous phrase—over there. So all parties concerned may have been a little surprised by the sounds of discord which adulterated the applause at the Haymarket and by some of the criticisms. If the "Americans like this kind of play and acting, it is not surprising that the names of our critics are unwelcome in the States. I have not read "L'Amour Veille," and never shall; but it is not difficult to guess that Miss Unger has done

a good deal of adapting. What a pity she did not venture upon a little more, and transport the scene of the play to the States. Why impose upon the poor players needlessly the task of trying to pronounce the foreign names—why harrow us with "Ongdray" and "Ongdry" and "Ondray" and "Jackylean" for André and Jacqueline, and so on—and yet give us next to nothing French in clothes—save Mr. Lawford's necktie—in furniture, appointments, manners, or conduct! Why have a polyglot company, some with American elocution, some with English accent, and some with mispronunciations not appropriate to the educated people of either country? And is there any reason in the fact that the piece is an adaptation for asides and soliloquies which have had their day? Miss Billie Burke's acting serves well to support the diatribes of many people against our modern system. Here is a young lady of some talent to whom is allotted a long, important part, and so indifferent has been her training and was the stage-management that most of the time she was doing quite the wrong thing, was making funny little noises, pulling funny little faces, and indulging in funny little gestures quite out of keeping with the character, sentiment, and situation. The words "repose" and "restraint" seemed to have no meaning for her, and very often she reminded us of the short-skirted "Amurrican" soubrette of whom we used to have plenty of samples. What a pity! With her natural charms, her intelligence, and her flexible voice, she ought to be an actress of real value. However, she may well ask why she should make a change, if "God's own people" love her as she is.



AN ARCADIAN WAITER: MR. ALFRED LESTER AS PETER DOODY, ONE-TIME UNSUCCESSFUL JOCKEY, NOW WAITER IN THE ARCADIAN RESTAURANT—AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

## Another Lyceum Triumph.

Mr. Norman Forbes' new version of "The Man in the Iron Mask" caused roars of applause at the Lyceum. It is a good specimen of workmanlike, unpretentious melodrama, and the author has used the old bag of tricks adroitly. I am not sure that he has added to the bag, and his employment of the poisoned sword was rather clumsy. He is bold enough in making the famous prisoner become the King of France, and leaving Louis reluctantly

to replace him in the black mask and cell at the Bastille; he is even a little rash in his treatment of poor Louise de la Vallière; but success is generally supposed to justify the means used in attaining it, and no one has the indelicacy to peep below the surface of such plays. Mr. Matheson Lang has one of the doubling parts in which actors delight, and played it capitally—a better representative of the twins could not have been found. Mr. F. Ross acted admirably as the prisoner's faithful friend. The house delighted in the wickedness of Mr. Eric Mayne and the Scots accent of Miss Blanche Stanley, and cheered the work of Miss D. Thomas as the heroine.



THE FOLLIES POTTED BY AN ARTIST: THE FAMOUS TROUPE'S NEW POSTER.

This new poster of the Follies, which is by Mr. Julius M. Price, will be on the London hoardings in a few days' time. The Follies, it may be noted, presented certain new vaudevilles and burlesques on Monday last, including in their programme Pellissier's potted plays, "Samson" and "Henry of Navarre," and the burlesque of a music-hall.



DORMY TWO: BETTER THAN THE CRUDEN BAY PRIZE.



J. H. TAYLOR GETS A £20 REBATE.

Our photograph shows J. H. Taylor, the famous professional golfer, with the twins presented to him recently by his wife. It will be remembered that Taylor won the professional golf match at Cruden Bay the other day.

*Photograph by Ulllyett.*



# AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

## Cap in Hand to the Turk.

when the Turk had it in his power to place us under a considerable obligation. The incident forms one of those chapters in history whose piquancy should ensure their being held in remembrance. In "good Queen Bess's glorious days" we were to have entered into a solemn alliance with the Turks to the intent that while we wiped the ocean bed with the Spanish Armada, the Turks should make mincemeat of the Spanish land forces. The point of agreement was—religion! Mussulmans and Protestants were one in faith; Roman Catholics were base idolaters, to be so scourged

The cordiality between England and Turkey can hardly arise from gratitude on our part for favours received, though there was a time

There is one which emits so monstrous an odour that foul flies mistake it for carrion, and deposit their larvæ in its prickly folds. There the olfactories of a Dean Stanley would help; he could not tell by nose the difference between tuberose and turnips. Imagination may help, however. Dear old Sir Henry Englefield fancied that his sturdy hide exhaled the scents of all the flowers. "Bless me," said Lady Grenville, who knew of his fancy, "bless me, what a scent of violets." "Yes, it comes from me," purred Sir Henry in serenest joy.

## Who Pulled Which Leg?

It must almost make Henri de Blowitz turn in his grave that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth should not be told concerning the scare in regard to Germany. He had such a magnificent "scoop" over a similar scare a generation ago. Germany was for the second time to invade France, to crush her, to wring from her a war indemnity of £400,000,000, to maintain garrisons in French towns during the twenty years in which she was to pay off the sum, to keep down the French army to a handful of militia. Blowitz told the tale in the *Times*, and rejoiced in the reflection that he had prevented the enormity by bringing the tale to the ears of Alexander II. of Russia, and getting him to say, "This thing shall not be." The worst of it is that we do not know to this day whether the story was true or false. Blowitz had such a way with him. He accounted for the betrayal of the plot by saying that Bismarck, unable to interfere in the proposed campaign of Moltke, caused a calculated indiscretion to be perpetrated, so that intervention might prevent the placing of this ineradicable blot upon the pages of history. But, unfortunately, that seems the exact opposite of the sanguinary views which the man of iron expressed in respect of France. Somebody's leg was pulled—whose, and by whom?

## Homes from Home.

If Abdul Hamid ever heard of Lobengula, who preceded him in losing his throne, he may now wish that he had practised a plan favoured by the coppery and corpulent one. Lo Ben had as ample a harem as Abdul. Nominally lord of ten wives, he was allowed an increase of four official wives per annum. But then there were at least four-score other ladies in the harem. Now, Lo Ben was a traveller of sorts. To



THE AVERAGE FRENCH FAMILY IN 1800—  
WITH FOUR CHILDREN.

that the survivors should be converted to the true faith. Whether they were to be Mussulman or Protestant was not specified. The agreement was the thing. The Sultan informed her Majesty that his affection for her arose "first for the marvel he hath of her Majesty's sex to be ruler of so valiant a people, and wisdom to govern them so politically"; and, second, "as especially for that neither her Majesty nor hers worship idols as other Christians, which brings them into great contempt to him and his." Nothing could be nicer.

## The One Thing Needful.

But though the Sultan was saying pretty things to the Queen, he received the bribes of the Spanish Ambassador in the jolliest spirit. Spain was richer than England, and could pay better; England, he thought, had no chance. All that we could send him consisted of a batch of nine bull-dogs and a gold watch. The Spaniard was more practical. So the Sultan marked time until the Armada was no more; then he marvelled greatly, stuck his tongue into his cheek and his pen into ink, and assured the Queen that she was "the most gracious and most glorious, the wisest among women . . . the most mighty and most rare among womankind in the world. . . ." What less could he do, then, than to "send your Majesty so honourable and sweet a salutation of peace that all the flock of nightingales with their melody cannot attain to the like, much less this simple letter of mine. The singular love which we have conceived one towards the other is like to a garden of pleasant birds." Which buttered no parsnips for the good Queen's table, though it may have agreeably tickled her ear.

## Roses, Roses, All the Way.

The latest thing in fashions is to enable the blind to "see" with the nose. If my lady wear a gown rose-coloured, she must have about her the scent of that same flower; if her dress be heliotrope, "cherry-pie" odour shall advertise her presence; a violet gown must be accompanied by a perfume which talks the language of that flower. Let us, therefore, forswear the cactus costume.



THE AVERAGE FRENCH FAMILY IN 1860—WITH THREE CHILDREN.  
LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ, ET PAS DE BÉBÉS.

(See Double-Page Illustration.)

have taken with him the whole of his harem would have been too serious an undertaking. To have left them entirely would have been too much for his catholic affections; to have picked and chosen would have led to strife of a sort that he did not like. He distributed his host of loves. They were quartered in the various districts through which he would pass. So happily were they placed that he could not turn up at any point without finding a home from home ready for him. Abdul lacks now that variety and number in which the soul of Lobengula rejoiced.



THE AVERAGE FRENCH FAMILY IN 1900—  
WITH TWO CHILDREN.



OUGHT THE ARTIST TO BE HANGED, OR THE PICTURE BE HUNG?



FROM "THE SKETCH" COLLECTION: Lot No. 126A.

Important work, attributed to De la Bere. A landscape with figures. Portrait of a fisherman expecting a bite.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



## "The Long Arm of Coincidence"— Amputated.

Were a dramatist to introduce into a play the episode of two friends, staying temporarily in the same house, each writing a letter to the landlady in exactly similar terms, the critics would probably denounce it in no measured terms as a case of "the long arm of coincidence," and lament the lack of invention which compelled resort to such methods for the conduct of the scene. Life, however, which is full of coincidences, once evolved just such a situation in the life of Mr. Fred Lewis, who is playing in "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," at the Criterion Theatre. It happened in Nottingham, on a Saturday night, when he was touring in the provinces. Just before the end of the play he was persuaded to go, after the performance, to York, and spend the Sunday at the house of one of the other actors, and rejoin the company on the Monday at Bradford. Accordingly, after paying one or two promised good-bye visits after the play, he took a cab and drove to the rooms in which he had been staying. Letting himself in with his key, he soon had his things packed and into the cab which he had kept waiting. As the people of the house seemed to have gone to bed, and there was no light in the rooms occupied by another member of the company who was also staying there, Mr. Lewis wrote a note to the landlady explaining what he had done, and added he was sure his friend who occupied the other set of apartments would settle his account for him before leaving the next morning. He placed the note, with his latchkey, on the piano and drove to the station. Almost the first person he met on the platform was the friend to whom he had left the paying of his bill. This friend had also been persuaded to spend the next day in York, at the same house. Not having any farewell visits to pay, he had gone back to the house before Mr. Lewis, and not finding anyone about, and Mr. Lewis's rooms in darkness, he had written a letter which he left on his piano, saying that he was sure his friend would settle his account in the morning! Mr. Lewis and his friend imaginatively beguiled several quarters of an hour wondering what the landlady would say when she found those

two letters. As they were well-brought-up young men, it is perhaps as well that they did not hear, for even their vivid imaginations probably fell short of the reality. What the landlady *did* say on the Sunday, or later, on the Monday, when she received a sum which covered the amount of both bills it is unnecessary to set down on this page.

## Stone Walls that do a Prison Make.

Mr. George Barrett in prison! It is a piece of news which *The Sketch* presents to the members of past audiences who have already enjoyed the popular comedian's new performance in "The Dashing Little Duke," as well as to the prospective

considerably longer than was conducive to his comfort. It happened when he was acting in Melbourne in the company of his late uncle, Mr. Wilson Barrett, and was being shown over Darlinghurst Prison with two friends. He went into one of the cells to look at it, and the official who was showing them over offered to shut the door, in order that he might see how it felt to be behind prison bars. Unfortunately, as he slammed the door, something went wrong with the lock. Try as he would, the key would not turn. After several fruitless attempts, it was decided to send for a locksmith. When the man came, it took him nearly four hours to open the door. From two o'clock in the afternoon until nearly seven o'clock, Mr. Barrett was in prison, and was released only just in time to get to the theatre to take part in the performance. His friends remained with him for some time, chaffing him unmercifully at the awful predicament in which he was; and, as if to add insult to injury, they went off for tea, leaving poor Mr. Barrett lunchless and tealess, for there was no possibility of getting any food to him, the only opening in his prison cell being a little grating in the door, which was nearly filled up with iron bars.

CURTAIN-RAISER TO "THE DEVIL": MR. KEBLE HOWARD'S "COME MICHAELMAS" AT THE ADELPHI—MR. ARTHUR SOAMES AS JOHN COGBILL, AND MISS PEARL KEATS AS CHARITY.

## Between Decks in a Country Lane.

Scenes have been ruined by many causes, but it is not often that the scene-shifter is responsible for a blunder which makes the efforts of the actor so ludicrous as to evoke roars of laughter instead of intense interest and strained attention. That, however, once happened in the career of Mr. Alfred Lester, the favourite comedian, who has made so great a success in "The Arcadians" at the Shaftesbury, at a time when, like Mr. Huntley Wright and other popular laughter-makers, he was engaged in moving his audiences to feelings of execration by playing the villain. In one popular melodrama in which Mr. Lester was the "heavy man," he had a long scene to play between the decks of a vessel. In this he had to describe the harrowing effect of a storm which was going on at the time. As soon as he began his description, the audience began to titter. Naturally, he was surprised at this unusual manifestation of feeling. He thought something was happening "in front," and that the audience would quiet down in a moment or two. He threw himself with more intensity into his part; but instead of the laughter subsiding, it grew louder. The more intense the actor became, the harder he worked, the more vivid his description of the storm, and the way the waves were rising and falling, the more he dilated on the rocking of the ship, the louder the laughter became, until it was a perfect shriek of merriment, such as would have delighted the heart of the low comedian. Suddenly Mr. Lester happened to turn round and look behind him. Then in a moment the reason for the audience's hilarity became manifest. Instead of the scene representing that portion of the ship known as "between decks," the back-cloth was painted to represent a peaceful country lane, with a little cottage overhung with honeysuckle and with hollyhocks in the patch of ground in front of it.



"DIANE DE NOAILLES" AND HER MOTHER,  
MISS JULIA SANDERSON AND MRS. SACKETT.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

members of the public for whom the same pleasure is in store. Mr. Barrett's term of imprisonment was not, however, for any misdemeanour, and although it was not for long, it was



## WHAT THE POLICEMAN OVERHEARD.



FIRST CLOAKED FIGURE: D'you remember Slasher knocking off that old man's head, when we started the "Brotherhood"?

SECOND CLOAKED FIGURE: Yes, a clean bit of work—

FIRST CLOAKED FIGURE: Well, old Grubbins has picked it up in an out-of-the-way place, and says it's as fresh to-day as it ever was.

*[Then the policeman, being new to Chelsea and its artistic ways, blew his whistle.]*

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## Books About the Stage.

I am not sure if my opinions about "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years" (Murray) will be so useful to my friend the general reader as, no doubt, he finds them about other books. For he may not share my enormous interest in the history of the stage, or the attraction which its details have for me. It may be that this interest is rather of a literary and imaginative sort, because I confess that I am often bored in an actual theatre, and go to fewer and fewer plays as the years roll by. Retrospectively, however, and when I read a book about theatrical matters, my interest knows no bounds. To read again the cast of a play I saw as a boy, or the other casts which had previously played it, delights me hugely. I love to know that some famous player played such or such a small part in some remote year. I love to hear all about players whom I remember—who their parents were, where they went to school, what they suffered before their success, and all that. Such a book as this, accordingly, which abounds in such details, is a treat to me, and I think there must be readers enough who are more or less like me to justify me in discoursing about it. The call of one's youth explains it mostly. I suppose. The name of some old play, not a bit better than that one saw the other day and could hardly sit out, revives old memories. Quite possibly there are players as good as some whom we remember with fervour, and yet we think little of them. Well, when they come in turn to write their reminiscences, there will be a fresh middle-aged audience, which now is young and is applauding their performances. Where shall we be then? But I must not indulge my melancholy, even though the alleged fine weather, which consists as I write chiefly of a biting east wind, has given me a vile cold in the head.

In fact the authors of this book would certainly think me an impostor as a middle-aged person altogether. Their Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Street, was before my time as a playgoer, and I was only a young one when they retired from the Haymarket. However that may be, from first to last the book interested me. Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft have written it between them, Sir Squire the greater part, as was natural, since his memory is extraordinary and hers is confessedly bad. They make a charming duet, and the method has the great advantage that either could say of the other what it might have been difficult to say of himself or herself. Apart from that, however, the book is commendably free from false modesty. Sir Squire has not hesitated, and rightly has not hesitated, to quote the favourable things said of his, as well as of his wife's, playing, and of their joint enterprise and its effect on the English stage. Or if he did hesitate, he overcame the hesitation, and it is extremely well, for otherwise the book would not have been, as it is, a complete record of an important and interesting movement. What the Bancrofts did for our stage has

become so familiar that it is not always appreciated now. I do not refer chiefly to their production of Robertson's plays, which I confess I think have been overrated, good theatrical plays though they are. I refer to their consistently artistic care and finish, to that proper respect for the public and themselves which insisted that everything should be as perfect as thought and hard work could make it. Strength of ideas is what, personally, I care most about, but that is not always to be had, and the other is always to be compassed. The Bancrofts deserved every bit of the praises lavished on them, and of their material success.



DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

DE(LAID).

MR. HAYSEED: Look'e here, waiter, that egg is simply awful.

WAITER (with convenient cold in the head): Wot's up, Sir?—isn't it done long enough?

MR. HAYSEED: Oh, yes, long enough, but not soon enough.

I had a vague idea as a boy—and I suppose it must have been common—that Mr. Bancroft had, as it were, strolled on to the stage from either a military or an entirely unoccupied life. It must have come from his playing of "swells" like a gentleman, which may have been more or less novel. But one may be a gentleman and still serve a hard apprenticeship to a profession: as a very young man he played 346 parts in four years and a bit! . . . It seems that he often formed his parts on his acquaintances, without their finding it out, which is an interesting point. I have sometimes, but not often, been sure of the originals for certain parts, and I wonder if it happens often. . . . I have left myself no space for stories, but I have been surprised—since I know a fair number of actors, and they are fond of telling theatrical stories—at the number I had not heard before. One I *must* quote. One actor of the old school, whenever he forgot his part, always, whatever the occasion or whatever his character, made the same speech: "Go to; thou weariest me. Take this well-filled purse, furnish thyself with richer habiliments, and join me at my mansion straight."

A Compliment In "The Life and to England. Times of

Master John Hus" (Dent and Co.), Count Lützow, by no means for the first time, has paid this country the compliment of wishing to interest it in his native Bohemia, and of writing, therefore, in English. Certainly, when a foreigner of Count Lützow's distinction and position pays us so fine a compliment as this, the least we can do by way of return is to read his book, and that reading, if it be begun from politeness, will certainly be continued from interest. He knows our language perfectly, and is, of course, a thorough master of his subject. John Hus is not a widely known name in England—I have said before that we are abominably ill-educated—but he is a great national hero of Bohemia, and deserves to be, if the courage that is faithful to death deserves such a reward. He stood out before Luther against the abuses of Rome, and was burnt in 1415. But, apart from the personality of Hus, Count Lützow's book is full of attraction in its picture of an interesting time and a romantic country.

N. O. I.



"THE SKETCH" ARTIST WITH MR. ROOSEVELT:

THE EX-PRESIDENT KILLS HIS FIRST LION!



1. PORTRAIT OF A LION, AFTER ROOSEVELT.
2. THE CALL OF THE BOTTLE: A PASTORAL.
3. ALONE I DID IT: OR, IS IT A DAGGER?

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE GOD IN THE CAR.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

THE motor-car had drawn up at the foot of the hotel steps, and the chauffeur stood waiting by the door. Phyllis peeped through the curtains of her bed-room window on the first floor and made a face at it.

"I don't want to go a bit," she protested over her shoulder.

"Nonsense!" said her mother. "You must. Lord Briancourt has motored down to Eastbourne expressly to see you, and you know he is the most difficult man in London to bring to the point—no girl in her senses could afford to miss such an opportunity. He has thirty thousand a year at least."

"You shouldn't have told him we were coming here," said Phyllis. "We shall see quite enough of him next week, when we get back to town for the season."

"So will all the other girls," snapped her mother. "He can't take you for a ride alone in his motor-car without proposing to you. That, of course, is his intention. It is perfectly clear that that is his intention, and if you don't take advantage of it he will probably change his mind again in a week."

"And it would be a pity to lose thirty thousand a year," mused Phyllis, gazing at the chauffeur. "But he didn't ask me to go alone. He asked you too."

"A mere matter of form," replied her mother airily. "He knew I should not be so foolish as to stand in the way. I have a very severe headache this morning and can't come. He will quite understand and sympathise."

"Anyhow, I think he might have come to fetch us—me, I mean—himself, instead of sending his chauffeur," objected Phyllis. "Besides, how can he propose if the chauffeur is sitting within a foot of us and overhearing every word we say?"

"He is staying at the Grand, which is further along the Parade," explained the elder lady; "and as our hotel is close to the garage, he naturally wished to save time by telling his man to pick us up on the way. When Lord Briancourt perceives you are alone he will, of course, dismiss the chauffeur, unless he is an absolute fool."

"Well, he is not a *genius*," retorted Phyllis, as the two descended the stairs. "A severe attack of neuralgia, I think you said, dear?"

"Yes, that will do," assented her mother absently. "And remember, Phyllis, I shall expect to be able to congratulate you on your engagement without fail when you return—without fail," she repeated, as Phyllis tripped down the front steps. On the last one she paused to wave a kiss to her mother. "Without fail," she cooed.

The chauffeur touched his cap. "His Lordship thought you might prefer to sit in front, Miss," he murmured, in a sepulchral tone, "next to the driver; and the other lady——"

"The other lady isn't coming," Phyllis interrupted him, "and I always like to sit in front, next the driver." She gazed into the goggled eyes of the chauffeur. "Are you the driver?" she inquired sweetly.

"His Lordship," stammered the man, "generally drives on—on these occasions, Miss, himself."

"Oh, does he?" said Phyllis, settling herself down on the cushions and arranging the folds of her motor-veil, "how nice of him to be sure. And you sit at the back, I suppose, and—and look out for accidents?"

The chauffeur took his place beside her and pressed the lever.

"His Lordship generally dispenses with my services on—on these occasions, Miss—ahem!"

"Dear me," remarked Phyllis, "I'm afraid you've got a cold——"

"Only a little dust in my throat, Miss," he muttered. "Fine sunny morning for May, but—dusty."

"A lovely morning," agreed Phyllis graciously. "And that's the Grand Hotel, isn't it?" she inquired presently, pointing to a large building on their right which they were rapidly approaching. The chauffeur made no answer, but looked straight in front of him as they swung by the entrance-gates.

"I'm afraid you have run past it," said Phyllis in a tone of gentle rebuke. "Perhaps you didn't notice?"

"Eh, what?" said the chauffeur, glancing up. "I beg your pardon, Miss——"

"The Grand Hotel," repeated Phyllis more severely. "We've gone ever so far past it."

"Eh—oh, have we?" queried the chauffeur in surprise. "I—I didn't observe. . . . But it's all right, Miss. His Lordship——"

"Go on," commanded Phyllis sternly. "What about his Lordship?"

"His Lordship is—is staying at the Pilot, not the Grand—the Pilot Hotel—a little further on. I was to drive you there."

"Oh, I see," said Phyllis, leaning back with a sigh. "That explains it, of course. Is it a very large hotel?"

"Enormous," said the chauffeur. "The most fashionable hotel in Eastbourne, Miss. Always crowded with—with earls and dukes."

"How interesting," murmured Phyllis. "I wish I had known before—I would have asked mamma to go there instead of the Cavendish. I love earls and dukes."

"Oh, do you!" snapped the chauffeur. "I mean—of course, Miss—naturally!"

"Be careful!" warned Phyllis. "You nearly ran into that carriage." The car swerved back to the middle of the road with a jerk, and plunged onwards at an increased rate as they swept up the incline.

"There must be something wrong with the steering-wheel," said the chauffeur apologetically.

"There's something wrong with *you*, more likely," retorted Phyllis. "I shall speak to Lord Briancourt about it, and advise him to engage a more competent man."

"If you think I can't drive you had better take the wheel yourself," he suggested.

Phyllis sat up stiffly.

"Don't be impertinent!" she said. "I think you are a most abominably rude man. You evidently do not know your place. You seem to forget that you are only a common chauffeur."

The chauffeur was covered with confusion.

"Beg pardon, Miss, I'm sure," he stammered, bending his head a little lower over the wheel. "I'm afraid I—I, er, *did* forget—for the moment. . . ."

"Then don't do it again," said Phyllis, with frigid dignity.

"Certainly not, Miss," agreed the man humbly. "On no account, Miss!"

"And pray, why do you wear those hideous spectacles?" demanded Phyllis, eyeing him with sudden solicitude. "Is it for the glare, or do you think they are becoming?"

"One has to keep the dust and wind out of one's eyes when one is driving a motor-car," explained the chauffeur.

Phyllis nodded thoughtfully. "Ah, I fancied that *might* be the reason," she murmured, "although——"

"Although what?" inquired the chauffeur quickly.

"I was merely wondering," remarked Phyllis sweetly, "how long you had been a chauffeur. You don't seem very good at it. But perhaps you are only a beginner?"

"By no means," replied the chauffeur coldly. "I have driven for—for years."

"Fancy!" she exclaimed. "And you have been all that time in Lord Briancourt's service?"

"Er—not *all* that time—no, Miss," he answered.

"Tell me," murmured Phyllis, leaning confidentially towards him, "how do you like Lord Briancourt?"

The chauffeur stiffened.

"I—er—would prefer not to discuss his Lordship," he said.

"You needn't mind," remarked Phyllis encouragingly. "I promise not to repeat anything you say to him. Besides, you know, I am"—her tone plainly conveyed a blush under her veil—"I . . . I am deeply interested in Lord Briancourt."

The motor-car gave a sudden swerve, and a dog flew yelping to the other side of the road. Phyllis uttered a little cry of dismay.

"You shouldn't have put your hand on my arm," grumbled the chauffeur; "you made me twist the wheel."

"I did nothing of the kind," retorted Phyllis indignantly. "It was sheer carelessness on your part. I believe you deliberately tried to run over that poor little terrier."

"You are mistaken," he replied; "the dog was on the wrong side of the road."

"Well, anyhow, what do you think of Lord Briancourt?" she demanded resentfully.

"I don't consider that a fair question," objected the chauffeur. "After all, a man cannot be expected to criticise his—his——"

[Continued overleaf.]



HE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED A LARGE STEAK.



AFTER THE BUDGET SPEECH: DEPRESSING PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WITH A LARGE STAKE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

DRAWN BY R. O. ALLEN.

"Employer," put in Phyllis pleasantly; "but I didn't ask you to criticise him. I only wanted to know whether you don't think him a dear, sweet, charming, adorable man?"

"Those are hardly the epithets I, er, should myself apply to his Lordship," replied the chauffeur stiffly.

"Oh," said Phyllis, a shade of disappointment in her tone. "Then what *are* the epithets you would apply to—to his Lordship, pray?"

"At the moment I have none strong enough at my command," he parried.

"That's the worst of possessing such a limited vocabulary," purred Phyllis. "I think I understand. You naturally feel that nothing you can say would do him justice?"

"Nothing!" was the emphatic response.

"Still," persisted Phyllis, "you must admit that he is a fine, handsome man?"

"He might be a trifle taller," commented the chauffeur impartially. "Five foot four——"

"Well," interposed Phyllis hastily, "he is broad, at any rate."

"Fat," corrected the chauffeur conscientiously.

"I hate thin men!" she snapped. "Besides, one ought to consider a man's *moral* qualities rather than his mere physical attributes. I believe," she added, pausing on a little note of reflection, "that 'attributes' is the right word?"

"I believe so," assented the chauffeur doubtfully. "Though I am not so sure about the 'moral' part."

"I am certain," said Phyllis, drawing herself up, "that Lord Briancourt is a thoroughly moral man!"

"H'm," muttered the chauffeur—"of course."

"I am glad you agree with me," remarked Phyllis amiably. "And, considering how rich he is——"

"Oh, yes, he's rich enough," admitted the chauffeur.

"Thirty thousand a year," murmured Phyllis, with a far-off look in her eyes. "I think—don't you?—that I might do worse."

"Worse?" ejaculated the chauffeur.

Phyllis raised her eyes innocently to his goggles.

"Than marry him, I mean," she explained.

They had nearly reached the foot of Beachy Head, and the chauffeur swung the car round the corner into the village of Meads without slackening speed.

"Surely," he remonstrated, after a slight pause, "you would not marry Lord Briancourt simply for his *money*?"

"Why, of course!" declared Phyllis in surprise. "What on earth else do you suppose one would marry Lord Briancourt for?"

"The motive," rejoined the chauffeur virtuously, "is a most inadequate and unworthy one. Though I admit, in the present case, it might be difficult to find any other."

"You needn't adopt that tone," said Phyllis, tilting her nose. "It is very unbecoming in a chauffeur. Especially in Lord Briancourt's chauffeur. Besides," she added as an afterthought, "I have decided to fall in love with him, you see."

"Impossible!" said the chauffeur.

"Not at all," she retorted. "It is quite the correct thing to fall in love with the man you have made up your mind to marry."

"When did you make up your mind to marry him?" demanded the chauffeur abruptly.

"Oh!" cried Phyllis. "Stop! . . . there's the Pilot Hotel! P-i-l-o-t—I can read the letters from here . . . and I believe that's Lord Briancourt waving his hand at the window. . . . There now!" she exclaimed, sinking back in her seat wrathfully, "you've gone past it!"

"When did you make up your mind to marry him?" repeated the chauffeur. "Yes, we certainly seem to have run past it . . . the brake won't act. When did——"

"It's only a small public-house," broke in Phyllis. "And you said it was an hotel with earls and dukes in it."

"So there are!" snapped the chauffeur. "There's a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire in the bar-parlour, and also one of the Earl of Rosebery. . . . When did you make up your mind to marry him?"

"We arranged it this morning," replied Phyllis sweetly.

"Then I forbid the banns—I mean the marriage," said the chauffeur with decision.

Phyllis shook her head.

"What's the use of talking nonsense?" she asked. "And why should you be so anxious to prevent me from marrying your—Lord Briancourt?"

"Because," replied the chauffeur in hollow tones, "I love you myself."

"Well I never!" cried Phyllis. "And you just an ordinary common chauffeur too! I consider it extreme presumption on your part to have—to have communicated this circumstance to me, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of informing Lord Briancourt of it. So there! Turn the car back, please."

"Certainly not," said the chauffeur calmly, as he increased the speed, and they flashed past the slope of the Downs with the sweep of the golf-links to their right. "I am going to prevent you from marrying Lord Briancourt first."

"Don't be absurd!" pleaded Phyllis. "How can you prevent it?"

"By marrying you myself," said the chauffeur, with grim resolution.

"Indeed!" scoffed Phyllis, her chin in the air. "And supposing I refuse?"

"Then," said the chauffeur in tragic accents, "we can at least perish together."

"You are very kind," replied Phyllis stiffly, "but I have no desire to perish just yet, either together or otherwise, thanks."

"I can't help that," said the chauffeur, grazing the offwheel of a cart as they dashed past it. "I have no immediate craving to perish just yet either, but I don't see how the alternative is to be avoided—I don't indeed."

"What do you mean?" demanded Phyllis, glancing at him a little nervously.

"I mean," he answered with portentous deliberation, "that about a quarter of a mile further on the road takes a sharp, dangerous curve, with a sheer precipice on one side and a perpendicular bank on the other—and I'm blessed if I can stop this machine."

Phyllis clutched his arm and turned a swiftly paling face to his. "Oh, for goodness' sake put on the brake!" she implored.

"I can't," said the chauffeur, "it's out of order. But there's one chance left," he added slowly—"only one. I will try it on condition——"

"Condition. What condition?" she asked, shaking his arm impatiently.

"That you promise to marry me," said the chauffeur.

"I won't!" declared Phyllis, her face flaming. "You are simply horrid. I . . . Oh, good gracious, be careful!" she added, as the car gave an ominous bump.

"We have about thirty-five seconds left," remarked the chauffeur calmly. "Will you marry me, or shall we perish, like—like Miss Charlesworth?"

"The one chance," entreated Phyllis. "Try it, quick, for mercy's sake!"

"For *yours*," he corrected. "For yours and mine—on condition——"

"Bother the condition!" she interrupted him hastily. "There's no time for conditions now. Try the last chance, before it is too late."

"It will be sweet to perish together—you and I," murmured the chauffeur absently.

"Oh, you *idiot*!" exclaimed Phyllis, divided between indignation and terror. "Can't you stop the car?"

"Yes," was the imperturbable rejoinder, "if you consent to marry me. Otherwise, in twenty-four seconds we shall be two mutilated corpses. I fear. Will you consent?"

"No," declared Phyllis. "I—it's ridiculous. . . ." The car dashed on, and in front of them the curve of the road disappeared at right angles. Phyllis stopped short with a gasp. The chauffeur's grip on the wheel tightened. "Yes, or no?" he demanded in sharp tones.

"No," stammered Phyllis, her eyes on the swiftly approaching bend, "that is——"

"Yes or no?" he repeated tensely. "For the last time——"

"Oh, yes—yes! Anything you like," she cried, "only stop the car!"

There was a sudden jar and whirr of grating machinery, the car gave a few short bounds, slowed down to a walking pace, and presently came to a peaceful standstill by the side of the road. The chauffeur took off his goggles and wiped his face with his pocket-handkerchief. "A near thing!" he smiled.

"You—you miserable *fraud*!" cried Phyllis in extreme wrath. "Why, there is no precipice at all, and no danger!"

"Oh, I was referring to the *other* danger," remarked the chauffeur placidly—"the danger of your marrying Briancourt. Desperate ills, desperate remedies, you know. Well, you have forgiven me, anyway?"

"I'm not sure that I *have*," retorted Phyllis, only half appeased. "You—you oughtn't to have done it, Jack. You know you oughtn't. Mother will be simply frightfully furious. She made me promise to come back from this drive engaged——"

"So you will," remarked the Honourable Jack Desmond coolly.

"To Lord Briancourt," corrected Phyllis.

"Hang Briancourt—and, by the way, this isn't his car at all. I borrowed it from a friend of mine when I found out Brian was coming down to see you, and stole a march upon him. I knew dear mamma wouldn't allow you to come for a motor ride alone with *me*, so I had to adopt this little ruse. Simple and ingenious, I flatter myself."

"And supposing mother had insisted on accompanying us?" propounded Phyllis, knitting her brows.

"I should have contrived to drop her somewhere on the way," said Mr. Desmond unblushingly. "However, I credited her with too much discernment to spoil your tête-à-tête with the eligible Briancourt. Also, I suspected old Brian meant mischief this time, and I guessed you would be obliged to accept him if he proposed; so you see it *was* my last chance, after all!"

"Well, I recognised you the first moment I set eyes on you," Phyllis assured him, "and it is rather lucky that mother is so short-sighted. . . . But how on earth did you manage the—the costume?"

"Not a particularly good fit, but the best I could get," apologised the Honourable Jack. "Fact is, I had to bribe Briancourt's chauffeur to lend me one of his suits."



# WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Duke of Norfolk, like plainer men, finds little difficulty in getting rid of riches. His way has been to give—a way that arouses little comment. He has gone through life with his hand in his trouser-pocket. But directly he sells, with good reasons of his own, he meets with wild and whirling words. Had he given his Holbein to the nation, it would have been received with becoming, but very quiet thanks, and nobody would have protested on behalf of his progeny. The Duke of Norfolk has no intention, of course, of parting with his other Holbein portraits, for which Howards were themselves sitters; but he has lent them for the time being to the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

## Howard Generosity.

The Duke of Norfolk of John Evelyn's time possessed the family trait of generosity in a high degree. In his library were books presented to the family "by popes, princes, and greater persons," Evelyn tells us, and to these the Duke had added a magnificent collection of his own buying. All these were presented to the Royal

of the best land in West Sussex, while Lord Egmont pockets some half-million sterling. The present mansion of Cowdray, near

"by fire and water," the noble house of Montague. Let Sir Weetman, then, beware of rabbit-holes and sprained ankles, in case there be any lurking dangers in the property.

'Vantage in Nuts. When Mr. Jay Gould decided not to contest again the Tennis Championship, the Hon. Neville Lytton was left as Mr. Eustace Miles' only serious antagonist. Strange to say, Mr. Neville Lytton, who is Lord Lytton's brother, is a fellow-vegetarian: he eats the foods that Mr. Miles invents, and during their great battle at Lord's the other day they were equally difficult to feed. It is no poor argument for the food fad which they have both espoused that they come out first and second in a game requiring taut muscles and steady nerves. Mr. Lytton owns one of the very few private tennis-courts in England. He himself built it at Crabbet Park.

Teddy and Taft. Now that Mr. Taft is President, and Mr. Roosevelt safely among the elephants, the holders—they numbered four all told—of a morsel of American secret history can no longer resist its



THE FIRST AMERICAN GIRL MASTER OF HOUNDS: MISS POLLY PAGE IN HER RIDING-COSTUME.

Miss Page, an enthusiastic believer in riding astride for women, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rodman Page, of 2002 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, and is fifteen. She has just been appointed Master of the Upland Hunt.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

Midhurst, is modern; but hard by stand the splendid ruins of the old castle, with their reminder of the famous "Cowdray Curse." Cowdray Abbey (so the story goes) was given by Henry VIII. to one of his courtiers, Sir Anthony Browne, whom he ennobled as Viscount Montague. To celebrate his taking possession, the new owner gave a feast to his retainers, but one of the evicted monks made his way into the banqueting-hall and cursed Montague and all his house, which, he declared, should come to perish by fire and water.

## The House of Montague.

But the family prospered, and by the reign of Elizabeth, who spent a week at Cowdray, they owned half Sussex. It was not till the last decade of the eighteenth century that the monkish curse came home to roost. The seventh Viscount died abroad, leaving an only son to succeed him. This young man, the last of his race, was drowned in the Rhine, just before he came of age, while doing the "grand tour" with his tutor; and that very same night his splendid Sussex seat, which was *en fete* for his expected return, was burnt to the ground. Thus perished,



A SOCIETY WOMAN'S REMARKABLE PET: A COATI.

The coati is a carnivorous mammal of the bear order. By means of its flexible proboscis, it roots up the earth for worms and insects. Further, it preys on smaller quadrupeds. Chiefly, however, it lives on eggs and young birds.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

Society at the request of Evelyn, who says: "I should not, for the honour I bear the family, have persuaded the Duke to part with these had I not seen how negligent he was with them, suffering the priests and anybody to carry away what they pleased, so that an abundance of rare things are irrecoverably gone." The present writer has upon his shelves an early edition of St. Augustine, bearing the seemingly ungrateful stamp "Roy. Society Sold." No doubt if Sir Charles Holroyd possessed the persuasive powers of Evelyn, the nation would now be the owners of the Milanese Duchess.

## The Curse of Cowdray.

The Cowdray Park estate has just changed hands. Sir Weetman Pearson gets over 13,000 acres of some



DIVING FOR TREASURE IN THE THAMES: THE DIVER WHO SEARCHED THE RIVER-BED FOR A GOLD PURSE.

Some few days ago a lady boating on the river at Kingston dropped a valuable gold purse into the water. The diver shown was employed to search the river-bed for it. He is here seen preparing for a twenty-minute spell of work beneath the surface.

Photograph supplied by C. I. Lopdell.



A TROTTING-BULL WHO OPPOSES TROTTING-HORSES: THE BULL IN HARNESS. This four-year-old bull is to trot against horses on West Pennsylvania tracks this year. He has had three years' special training, is a Durham, and, it is said, can do the mile in less than 2.30.—[Photograph by Thompson.]

publication. While acting as Secretary of War in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, Mr. Taft found himself holding inconvenient views in regard to the taxation of certain products of the Philippines, and he made a speech accordingly. It was pointed out to him that such speeches might seriously injure the interests of the Government, and he was requested to be more careful in the future. Then Mr. Taft, deciding to resign, wrote at great length to Mr. Roosevelt, explaining his reasons for asking to be relieved of his portfolio. His answer, scribbled across the top of his own letter, reached him within an hour: "Dear Bill, Fiddledee.—T. R."



# KEY-NOTES



Enter Max Reger. We are so accustomed to receiving distinguished musicians in London just now that a week would seem rather empty if it failed to bring an eminent foreigner or two to the capital. France has been playing the chief part in supplying us with visitors, and now Germany is to the fore. Max Reger, who came to town last week to take part in a couple of recitals of his own composition and attend a reception given in his honour by the Concertgoers' Club, in connection with the Playgoers' Club, is one of the most prominent young musicians in Germany, and has made a great stir in the world in the six-and-thirty years that have passed since he started life in a Bavarian village. He is essentially a writer of chamber music, and the list of his compositions is of extraordinary length. He has probably written more than three hundred songs, together with a great mass of chamber music, and he has a brain that seems equally receptive to the claims and charm of music and mathematics. A considerable training is required to make Max Reger's work intelligible, and a part of the admiration it evokes among the cognoscenti is perhaps due to their generous appreciation of their own intelligence in tracing the inwardness of the composition. A master of every contrapuntal device known to musicians, and of many others that seem known only to himself, Max Reger has succeeded in delighting Young Germany, and it may be that his visit to London will stimulate the interest taken by Young England in his work. The generation which must plead guilty to middle age will probably share the attitude of the gentleman of "Bab Ballad" fame who received a message from the late Martin Tupper in response to his endeavours to find out the author of the mottoes that adorn crackers. The philosopher-poet's message ran as follows—

A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit;

to which profound statement the seeker after truth adds—

Which I knew was very clever, but I couldn't understand it.

"Armide," at Covent Garden. Lovers of beautiful music will be grateful to the Grand Opera Syndicate for reviving Gluck's "Armide"—so grateful that they will forgive the official costumier for the extraordinary mixtures of period and taste that go to the dressing of it. At the same time, it seems a thousand pities that the leading tenor part should not be in the hands of a more competent artist than M. Fontaine, the quality of whose voice is far from the established Covent Garden tradition. The Armide was Mlle. Marie Béal, of whom it has been said that she made her first appearance in Grand Opera last week. This, we believe, is incorrect, for she was engaged at the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels during the winter season. She is a dramatic soprano of great intelligence, gifted with a beautiful voice, and her singing made a great impression, though there were moments when she showed a tendency to overtop her note by some perceptible fraction of a tone. First-night nervousness allowed for, she is to be



TO TEACH PRINCESS MARY OF WALES TO PLAY THE PIANO: MISS ELSIE HALL.

Miss Elsie Hall, who has just been appointed pianoforte-teacher to Princess Mary of Wales, is an Australian by birth. She studied on the Continent, winning the Mendelssohn State Prize for pianoforte-playing in Berlin when she was only sixteen, and a year later she played with success at a concert of the Berlin Philharmonic Society. She is giving a recital on Tuesday, June 8, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyll, and many other distinguished people. Miss Hall has given several recitals in London, and has shown that she possesses temperament and technique.

Photograph by Martin Jacolette.



THE ONLY ENGLISH PRIMA BALLERINA OF THE ITALIAN SCHOOL SINCE LOLA MONTEZ: Mlle. DOLLÉ.

Despite her Italian name, Mlle. Dollé is English. She received her first training in the Milanese Schools of Dancing, and made her first appearance as prima ballerina in Florence. Since that time she has danced also in other parts of Italy, and has achieved much success. In England she has appeared at an Alhambra, matinée, and at Prince's Skating Rink, and lately has been seen at a music-hall in Eastern and Russian dances.

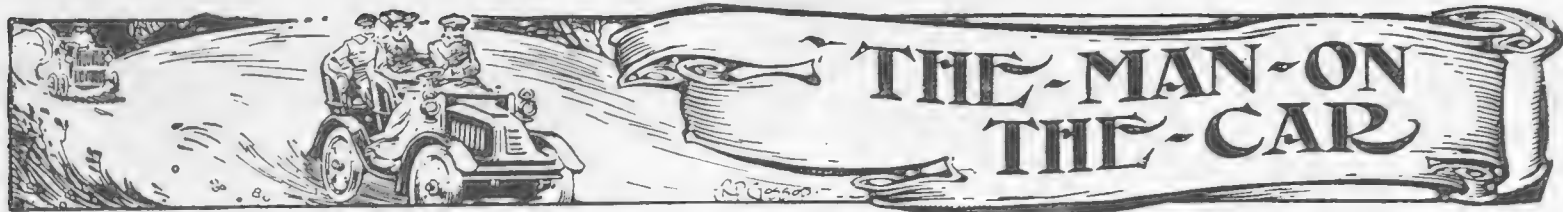
congratulated heartily. Mesdames Kirkby Lunn and Gilbert sang as well as ever, and the rest of the singers went through their work quite satisfactorily. Special praise is due to Mlle. Boni, the prima ballerina, who contrived to interpret her part in the dances in fashion that kept the dancing in perfect harmony with the scheme of the opera. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted with great care and discretion, and gave his singers assistance; while the orchestral playing, particularly in the wood-wind section, brought out all the delicate beauty in Gluck's wonderful score.

## Great Singers and Players.

The long line of first-class concerts seems destined to stretch to the crack of doom. Although May is not yet through, many of us are suffering from the glut of good things. At the Albert Hall last week, where Nikisch directed the London Symphony Orchestra, Miss Marie Hall played the first and best of Max Bruch's Concertos, and increased our regret that he was not satisfied with writing one. The young violinist contrived to make the work sound far less hackneyed than usual, and deepened the impression that her fine playing has created. On the following day Miss Florence Monteith and Miss Myra Hess gave a vocal and pianoforte recital at Bechstein's. In the past year Miss Hess has come very rapidly to the front, and is adding to her large technique the interpretative insight that marks the first-class player. Miss Alice Verlet, who has sung many prima-donna rôles at the Grand Opera House at Paris, gave a brilliant recital at the Queen's Hall; her voice is one of very even purity, and the most florid passages in the work of Handel, Gluck, and Mozart were sung with ease, confidence, and a certainty of intonation that roused the audience to enthusiasm. She received all due assistance from Mr. Henry Wood, and Mr. Albert Fransella's obligato to Handel's "Rossignol" was no less delightful than the singing to which it was such an effective accompaniment.

The second Ysaÿe and Pugno. of the three recitals by these splendid artists was given on Wednesday last at the Queen's Hall, and the programme was of comparatively modern interest, for the second sonata chosen was by Lazzari, a disciple of César Franck, and the third by César Franck himself. The sonata by Lazzari may not please those who resent a certain measure of diffuseness in the writing, but it is full of beautiful thought, happily expressed; and while it gives ample opportunity for the display of the violinist's equipment, there is no sacrifice of sense to sound, the claims of the piano are not forgotten, and the balance between thought and expression is most happy. It would almost be impertinent to praise the interpretation; when Ysaÿe and Pugno play together, one may well be content to rejoice at the opportunity of being one of a grateful audience. COMMON CHORD.





### Taxation per Horse-Power an Absurdity.

Few, if any, of the actual effects of the Budget taxes upon motoring and motor-cars have been fully realised even by those most closely concerned. The classification of the yearly imposts by a horse-power calculation based on cylinder-bore only is a fatuous proceeding. It



THE FAMOUS MOTORIST WHO HAS FOUNDED A GARDEN CITY FOR SEWERMEN: THE MARQUIS DE DION.

According to the Paris correspondent of the "Nachrichten," the Marquis de Dion has presented a plot of fifteen acres to the sewer-men of Paris, and it is his intention to found for them there a garden city. The land was originally marsh, but for some years past the city sewer-men have been working on it in their spare time, and have at length succeeded in draining it. Two cottages for retired sewer-men have already been built, and a hostel is now in course of construction for the orphans of sewer-men.

Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd-George replied to the effect that there were no experts in these matters at the Board of Trade, and that he himself did not make any pretence to a comprehension of the subject, but that he would be glad to consider representations. It is to be hoped, then, that such representations as shall convince Mr. Lloyd-George of the error he has been led into will be made without delay.

### A Taxi-Cab Record.

provocative was an American, one Mr. Charles Klein, to wit, the well-known New York playwright and author of "The Lion and the Mouse." Seized suddenly with a desire to visit the Modern Athens, this debonair gentleman walked out of his hotel in the Strand, hailed the nearest taxi (an Argyll), and dropping wearily into the seat, laconically remarked "Edinburgh!" At the first blush the taxi-driver very naturally concluded that Colney Hatch was his fare's last address, but becoming convinced of his sanity and his intention at the same time, he pleaded an awaiting wife and family as a bar to so long a journey. But wives and families are not made to stand in the way of a New York playwright's chief desire, and the Argyll taxi soon had her nose hard down on the old North Road. The cab's log sayeth not the actual duration of the trip to Edinburgh, but, once arrived in the shadow of the Calton, a course was shaped for

was acknowledged long ago that the R.A.C. bore-rating formula was useless as a means of comparing and contrasting the capabilities and efficiencies of various engines. As a means of handicapping it has been a lamentable, egregious failure, and this was prognosticated by many well-know technicians when first put forward as the apotheosis of Club wisdom on the subject. Now it stands to-day a monument of the vast harm which unscotched error can effect, for we find it affecting our pockets in a very serious manner. But worse remains. Now that bore and bore only influences the tax, the effort of the designer will be to get the maximum power from the minimum stroke, with the result that freaks will grow and multiply exceedingly. I am strongly of opinion that the horse-power rating, however correctly calculated, is quite wrong from a fiscal point of view, and as road-amelioration is to be the goal of the money so provided, the Motor Union's weight proposals were the correct thing.

### Purchasers Deterred and Freaks Encouraged.

On the evening of May 10, Mr. Joynson Hicks, the member for the Motor Union, and also, by the way, its most able Chairman, put a question on this very matter of taxation by horse-power to the Chancellor of the

Glasgow, where passenger, driver, and taxi took ship for London-derry. Thence Mr. Klein's taxi-cab toured Ireland, and finally brought up at Queenstown, where he set the taxi free, after five days' hire. He then boarded the *Cedric*, while the much-enriched taxi-driver made the best of his way back to London, wife, and children. Counterparts of the taxi-cab which made this record journey and earned this record fare can be seen every day in the London streets, and are distinguished by smart, roomy, and most luxuriously upholstered yellow bodies. They are built, lock, stock, and barrel, by Argylls, Limited, of Alexandria, near Glasgow, which may account for the excellent Northing made by the particular taxi under review.

### Motorists a Laughing-Stock.

observant who drive or ride any kind of vehicle through such sections. It has been my lot lately to pass through the streets of a certain much-trammed riverside town, where ten-miles limits obtain over very considerable distances. Now whoever drives carefully there at the prescribed speed per speed-indicator will find that 75 per cent. of the other vehicles, including the Jugger-nautic tram-cars, pass him derisively. It is no unusual thing to see these lumbering vehicles running at fifteen to eighteen miles per hour, where

The absolute absurdity of the ten-miles-per-hour speed-limits which have been imposed in many places is obvious to the most un-



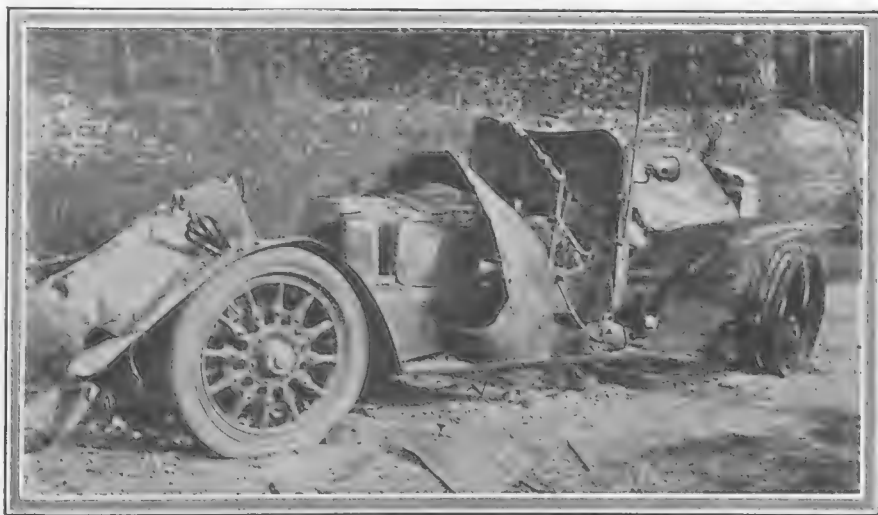
WHAT A CAR LOOKS LIKE AFTER IT HAS BEEN BURNT: A CAR DESTROYED BY FIRE.

the infinitely more controllable motor-car may not exceed ten. In many parts the motor-car at ten miles per hour actually impedes the other traffic. Twelve or fourteen miles per hour would have been much more reasonable, and the Board of Trade inspector should have had power to increase the limit to that extent.

### A Lordly Gift.

For beloved Bishops and much-lauded Lord-Lieutenants, to say nothing of other public officials who are held to have done the State much service, a kind fate holds great reward. And, to my mind, public appreciation of

services rendered can take no better form than a motor-car. Of this opinion, too, clearly are the good people of Warwickshire, for in recognition of twenty-five years' yeoman's service rendered by the Marquess of Hertford as Lord-Lieutenant of that county, his Lordship has been publicly presented by the residents with one of the latest 14-20-h.p. Siddeley cars, constructed by the Wolsley Tool and Motor Co., Ltd., of Adderley Park, Birmingham. The chassis has a 9 ft. 3 in. wheel-base, and carries an extremely handsome single landaulette. That the Warwickshire folks should present their Lord-Lieu-



ONE TYRE UNDAMAGED: A MOTOR-CAR DESTROYED BY FIRE.

tenant with an all-Warwickshire motor-car is a fitting thing indeed, for the vehicle was built entirely at Adderley Park, Birmingham. Now, perhaps, the noble Marquess will have a few words for the private ear of the Chief Constable, who, it is suggested, lately ring-fenced the county with police-traps.

[Continued on a later page.]

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

## Epsom.

The Epsom Summer Meeting will this year open on May 25, and, with the King's horse favourite for the Derby, we may expect a big attendance. Mr. Dorling has the course in capital order, and it is bound to be good going, wet or dry. The programme for the meeting is a big one. Owners like to see their colours carried at Epsom, so fields will be large. The race for the Derby may be more exciting than usual, as several candidates are fancied. I am glad to be able to report that Minoru is doing well in his work. He is a colt that is sure to improve as he goes on, and he will be one to attract the attention of those who have not seen him before. Bayardo is under a cloud. The Yankees have piled the money on Sir Martin, whose two-year-old record in America was astounding. He is much liked by the Newmarket touts. Sir Bold is a likely one to run well; and I have heard wonderful accounts of The Story, who is owned by Mr. J. B. Joel and "trained" by Morton. This colt has been doing work with Your Majesty and Dean Swift, and he is said to be a smasher. However, I hope to see his Majesty win one more Derby by the aid of Minoru. It is, too, on the cards that the royal colours will be carried successfully in the Oaks by the aid of Princesse de Galles, although the book says that Electra is the better of the two. One of the tit-bits of the meeting will be the race for the Coronation Cup. Dean Swift runs instead of Your Majesty, and the Dean is very likely to go close. Wool Winder and Yentoi may run well, but I am told that Ballot will win if he is started. This, in the opinion of many, is the best of the American horses in this country. He is trained by Sam Darling at Beckhampton, and is said to be getting fit.



NOT HIS GOLFING COSTUME: JAMES BRAID  
IN THE KILT.

**Royal Hunt Cup.** Already offers of 500 to 1 are being made against absolutely placing the first three in the Royal Hunt Cup, and this, too, before the entries are out. The odds, I need scarcely add, are none too liberal, and it is all that amount on the day of the race against placing 'em. There are already several horses talked about in connection with the race in question. I expect Poor Boy, who ran second last year, will be entered again; and Raeberry, the hope of the North, can confidently be expected to throw down the gauntlet here. Portland Bay won the Wokingham last year, and he is certain to run well if entered for the Royal Hunt Cup; while Monitor, as a two-year-old, captured the Windsor Castle Stakes for the Frenchmen, and he should be entered. He now belongs to Mr. S. Joel, who has had very little luck on the Turf of late. Indeed, he could do with another Polymelus or a Bachelor's Button. I hope to see Land League entered at Ascot. He is a useful horse at seven furlongs, and the same may be said of Kaffir Chief, who is coming to hand nicely. The course is one that should suit quick horses—that is, horses that jump off smartly. I cannot forget the defeat of Eager by an unknown horse in this race, simply because the first-named could not stay the last hundred yards of the course. He came out on the Friday and won the Wokingham—a furlong shorter, by-the-bye—in a hack canter, and that, too, under a welter

burden. The starting, as a rule, at Ascot is first-class, but it is to be hoped we may never see a similar catastrophe to that of 1902 for the Wokingham, when half the horses were left, and His Lordship gained an easy victory. The horse's owner, Mr. J. B. Joel, thought so little of his chance that he was eating his lunch when the race was being run.

## Form.

We are told by the authorities to follow form, but in the case of big handicaps this has not been a paying system for years past. Ebor, who won the Jubilee Handicap, was not on the map with Dean Swift, gauged by the Epsom running of the pair. Yet Mr. Bendon's horse was backed by little speculators all over the country, and it is said the bookmakers have not had such a disastrous race since Victor Wild's year. To the credit of the punters, it should be added that they went solid for the City, and they were not to be stalled off when he made his next appearance. It is a fact, I believe, that the stable did not know which was the better of the two, Ebor or Succour; but the little followers of form stuck to their guns, with pleasing results. The moral of it all to the general backer is that he should not condemn a good horse for making one bad show. Dean Swift should be supported for the Coronation Cup, while Rushcutter and Play Fair II. should be followed in the near future. The late Mr. Charles Greenwood was a splendid judge of the running of a race, and he contended that horses running wide, or those meeting with disappointment when trying for an opening, should be given another chance, as though they had never started. Some of the best racing guides nowadays give little items about what happened to horses in races, and these are useful to students of form. A system very much in vogue is that by which it is necessary to follow first favourites after they have been beaten. Under this system it can be assumed

that the horses are fit, and they are almost certain to produce the form they were expected to show.

## CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A FAMOUS GOLFING "HOOTSMON" IN HIS NATIVE  
DRESS: HARRY VARDON IN THE KILT.

Photographs by A. Ulyett.

Lord Ribblesdale. Top-boots and a riding-stock are part and parcel of Lord Ribblesdale: he did not discard them even when he sat to Mr. Sargent, for hunting-gear becomes his tall and lithe figure. But even in a frock-coat he is a sportsman, and he rose in the House of Lords the other day to oppose the ill-fated Cruelty to Animals Bill on the plea that, as he hoped to have the pleasure of hunting a carted

stag with Lord Rothschild, he could not conscientiously help to kill the stag without also helping to kill the Bill. Nor was his Lordship adjusting his principles to the requirements of one little party at Tring Park. He has hunted stags so long that his recollections of the sport fill a book, and once, when his duties as Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria kept him much within doors, he earned the name of "Lord-in-Leash." A little later, going completely to the dogs, he became Master of the Queen's Buckhounds.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Londoner in the Country.

Fate—or rather, the paint-pots of the house-decorator—have compelled me to take refuge in the country. In eight whole days of green fields and pastures new one can obtain a rapid psychological view of the effect of the country on an inveterate Londoner. It is possible to combine synthetically all the raptures, the resignations, the revolts, and the apathies which a sojourn far from Piccadilly entails. Thus, in diary form: "SUNDAY.—

Feel extraordinary elation at having got away from Town. Brilliant sun, fine air. Mean to sit out all the time in garden, or else take the dogs for walks. Do not intend to use motor, as most motorists assume a gross appearance and lose their complexions. MONDAY.—Sunshine rather dazzling for sitting in garden, and wind a trifle colder than expected. Sit in drawing-room and watch birds taking bath in concrete basin under pergola. Dogs most unreasonable if not taken for walks all day. Having tasted blood, so to speak, all emit piercing barks whenever indoors. TUESDAY.—Awake all night with noise of trains, and dawn made horrible

to have been erratic in her loves, but that he is usually indifferent about the morals of his grandmother, and quite philosophic about more remote ancestresses. As Mme. Maeterlinck puts it, "when we enter upon the past, good and evil become reconciled. Good, which can no longer make us happy, evil, which can no longer reach us, are levelled when they lose their disquieting or desirable meaning in our eyes." Yet it is an extraordinary testimony to the popularity of Flaubert's book that, twenty years after its sensational appearance, the family of the real heroine should have felt obliged to remove, by night, the headstone from her grave in that little Normandy village where she lived, killed herself, and is buried. It signifies, indeed, the eternal triumph of Literature over real life.

## In Praise of the Cravat.

An interview with the author of "Mrs. Gramercy-Park" has elicited the opinion that in his necktie Man exhibits "the last pathetic relic of his vanished sartorial greatness." Meant by Nature to dazzle his feminine contemporaries with his personal beauty and the bravery of his attire, it is true that we too often see only a human biped with champagne-bottle shoulders and a suit of dingy-brown. "Women," declared Mr. Goring-Thomas, "loved in the grand manner when shapely men were splendidly arrayed in silk and satin. The athlete and the genius are equally obscured by modern male dress." All his most intimate emotions, his cherished æsthetic convictions, must be expressed in the wisp of coloured silk which he wears round his neck. Unless he is a Highland chieftain, he has no other *moyen* of catching the eye of the Fair. It is true there is the waistcoat—sometimes fearful and wonderful—crocheted by admiring females, and also the variegated and sportive sock; but few men care to emulate the vagaries of the youthful Disraeli in the matter of vests, while the ankles are not much in evidence nowadays. There remains, in the last analysis, only the cravat. What wonder that Strephon looks preoccupied when you meet him of a morning in Bond Street, outside one of those modest-looking emporiums devoted to masculine fripperies? He is meditating on the choice of the only weapon he still possesses to enslave the imagination of the women-folk. To the most spirited and adventurous youth, that morsel of striped or dotted silk is all that modern manners permit him in the way of a lure to the eye.



[Copyright.]

A CARNATION-PINK NINON-DE-SOIE BLOUSE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

with particularly lively cock. With habits of inveterate week-end, feel one cannot reasonably stay longer than Tuesday in the country. WEDNESDAY.—Insane desire to go to town. Do so. Very tiring, and everyone surprised to see one back. THURSDAY.—Feel more resigned. Still watching birds bathing under pergola. Hygienic but monotonous. Went out and left stacks of cards. Stacks of cards left by neighbours. Both missed each other. FRIDAY.—Had out the motor. Slightly morose but experienced chauffeur. Covered half the county in couple of hours. Warned five distinct times by scouts of 'A.A.' Much better spirits. Country tolerable after all. SATURDAY.—No longer hear trains. Eat heartily seven meals a day, like royal family. Order motor for three o'clock. Complete apathy set in, and take no further interest in 'events' of London season."

## Mme. Maeterlinck on "Mme. Bovary."

The great Flaubert, it seems, was not at the pains to invent a story, or even characters, in his most famous novel, for in the current *Fortnightly* there is an article written by Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, which shows us that "Mme. Bovary" is, from beginning to end, a slice of real life. The writer, who has been scouring the corner of Normandy where the real heroine lived out her unedifying story, has even interviewed the maid (now an old woman of eighty-three) who used to wait on the bored and flighty Delamare who figured as Emma Bovary in the book. But all these happenings date from sixty years since, and Time has already effaced the luridness of Mme. Bovary's provincial sins. Mme. Maeterlinck writes with understanding and sympathy; she does not censure nor preach. As a matter of fact, if all the wives were patterns of domestic virtue, we should have fewer love-stories in French literature. It has been pertinently observed that no man likes his mother



[Copyright.]

AN AFTERNOON GOWN IN SAXE-BLUE SHANTUNG.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

### What is the Matter?

Everything is just a little slack this season. Each social expert diagnoses the case differently. One says the Budget has vastly increased the feeling of insecurity among the property-holders in the country. Another optimistically declares that we are only waiting for the Queen's return. An opinion given by quite a large number is that people want a winter London season—they have discovered the charm of the country in the spring and early summer; while others say that race-meetings and week-ends are the chief causes of slackness that is so apparent just now in the social life of town. There is the Opera, brilliant audience every night, fine performances, Tetrassini at the top of her form, London full, dances every night, a few balls, many dinners, but a slackness over everything. Money is not being spent freely and light-heartedly as usual; people are bitter and discontented over the filchings from their incomes, and charities are the great sufferers. The sales—there are several each week—are not nearly so brisk as usual, nor the attendances at them so large.

### The House of Beauty.

Once upon a time it was said that a woman had to make all sorts of sacrifices to be beautiful; *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, was looked upon as a maxim of merit. Now we have changed all that. A modern woman sits at her ease in cool, restful, airy rooms, like those of the Maison de Beauté Valaze at 24, Grafton Street, and has skilful, delightfully applied treatment. Her complexion is freed from the blemishes of the winter, from the roughness caused by continued easterly winds; it is made fresh, fair, and smooth again, and if she have wrinkles they are gradually eliminated. It is all so easy, so luxurious, so pleasant, and Mme. Helena Rubenstein can talk cleverly and interestingly in many languages, including most fluent English, as she proceeds to put her client's complexion in perfect order. This clever lady has, in view of the coming Courts, devised a short system of treatment which will render the skin delightfully soft, smooth, and fresh temporarily, and send a woman to the Palace happy in the feeling that she is looking her best. The house is not only beautiful, but interesting. It belonged to the late Marquess of Salisbury, at the time when his career was in the making. Now beauty is in the making there, and with an equally happy result for the community. Loveliness is good to look upon, and exercises a good influence. It may be said that short treatments, like longer ones, are perfectly harmless and safe.

### A Young British Princess.

The elder daughter of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife has been to the Opera several times with her father. It has been stated that she will make an appearance in the royal circle this season. She is rather tall and fair, and is more like the Duke of Fife's family than her mother's in appearance. She inherits the Princess Royal's shy and retiring disposition, and suffers keenly from it. Her Royal Highness never after her marriage attended either a Drawing-Room

herself suffering from the after-effects of influenza, was depressed and anxious. Happily, the sea has had its usual beneficent effect on the Sea-King's daughter, who will return to us well and happy and full of energy.

### Variety and Economy.

The latest thing in sunshades has a removable cover. One day it may figure as a common *en tout cas*, the next turn out resplendent in painted muslin and frillies as the daintiest of sunshades. Something to cope with our variable climate, this. What, however, will become of all the sunshade-handles given in wedding presents if one be maid-of-all-work? The interchangeable frills on petticoats were another form of variety and small expenditure. Now there are no petticoats. What might answer in this *galère* is an interchangeable hat-crown. The trimming being all over this portion of the chapeau, it might have different flowers for each week-day dress, and ostrich-feathers for the Sunday one! This would conduce to comfort. A woman is lucky if she can get one hat-shape to pin securely on her hair; she is very unlikely to secure two such treasures.



HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF BEAUTY: MME. HELENA RUBENSTEIN.

### The Latest in Shantung.

On "Woman's Ways" page is an afternoon gown in shantung, of a soft shade of Saxe blue. The skirt is full and the bodice coat-shaped, the top of it embroidered and finished with thick loops and buttons. The vest and sleeves are of ivory-hued thick lace. Another drawing on the same page is of a carnation-pink Ninon-de-soie blouse, the draped fichu edged with lace, and the high belt of rose-du-bois charmeuse.

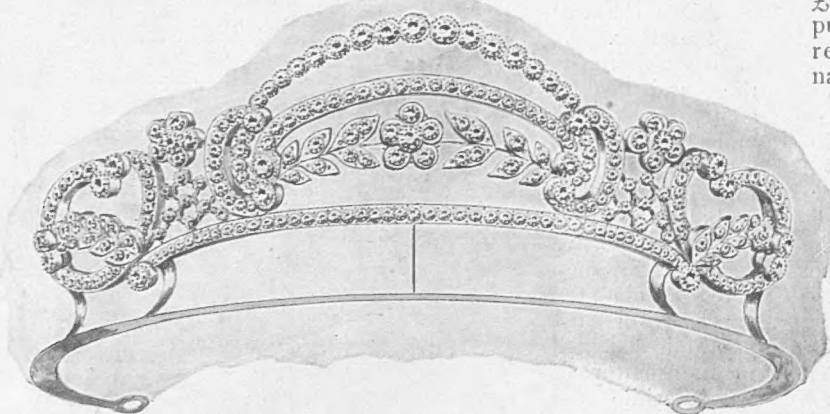
At De Keyser's Royal Hotel to-day (Wednesday), under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, is held the 102nd Annual Festival of that most estimable charity, the City of London Truss Society. By the free provision of surgical advice and appliances, the Society every year relieves nearly ten thousand sufferers from hernia among the poorer working-classes, who are especially liable to this disease. Annual subscribers of one guinea or more may recommend four patients for every guinea subscribed. Wherefore, friends, Romans, countrymen, if ye have guineas, prepare to shed them now—into the hands of the Secretary of the Society, 35, Finsbury Square, E.C.

We are asked to state that Mr. Edwin Pugh's "Peter Vandy" is published by Mr. C. H. White, of 12, Clifford's Inn, and not by Mr. F. V. White.

Holbein, Court painter to Henry VIII. at the modest salary of £30 per annum, would be somewhat astonished at the price now put upon his "Duchess of Milan." The question whether it is to remain in the National Gallery among the art treasures of the nation or be carried off to America must be decided in the next few weeks, for it is only to the end of this month that the option of purchase at £72,000 remains open. Towards this amount the Treasury has promised £10,000, and the rest remains to be raised by private and patriotic munificence. We have got the men who have got the money; but will they get the picture, or shall we meet the shade of Ruskin crying in Trafalgar Square, "You have despised art"? Subscriptions towards the purchase-money may be sent to the National Art Collections Fund, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Millionaires, please note.

Among the most elegant and fashionable suites of rooms in London for public entertainments are the Empress Rooms, attached to the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington. One of the functions which took place there last week was the British Women's Patriotic League Ball, arranged by Lady West, of Chesterfield, Norwood, to raise funds for a prize for Territorials shooting at Bisley this summer. The Marchioness of Donegal and Countess Amherst were among the patronesses, and special tables at supper were reserved for Viscountess Gort, Lady Bowden Smith, Lady West, Lady Durand, Mrs. James Burns, and others. The dance was a great success. Other events at the same rooms last week were the University College Hospital Ball and the Kensington Lodge meeting and banquet.

Redolent of Eastern gardens and all the spices of Araby is the new Arabian perfume "Shem-el-Nessim," the latest invention of Messrs. J. Grossmith and Son, who are the proprietors of the world-known Phul-Nana bouquet, and Hasu-No-Hana perfumery. The "Shem-el-Nessim" series supplies harmony throughout the toilet in its suite of handkerchief-perfume, toilet-soap, face-powder, dentifrice, sachet, and toilet-water. Readers of *The Sketch* who have not tried it may obtain samples by sending threepence in stamps to J. Grossmith and Son, Dept. S1., Newgate Street, London, E.C.



A TIARA OF A NEW AND FASCINATING DESIGN, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

or a Court, although she has been to a State Ball and Galas at the Opera and State Banquets. Princess Alexandra leans much on her younger sister, Princess Maud, who is more self-reliant and less timid. It may therefore transpire that she postpones her debut until Princess Maud is with her. Her Highness will be seventeen next April, and could therefore appear in Society as a grown-up Princess next season. Her sister is close upon two years her senior, and will succeed to her father's Dukedom.

### Welcome the Queen.

Next week the Queen's return will be eagerly welcomed. How much her Majesty has to do with the success of the season has been abundantly proved, to say nothing of the fact that there is widespread loyal satisfaction when she is among us. The Queen's cruise this spring was necessary for her complete restoration to health. It was a very sharp attack of influenza that she had at Sandringham, threatening to develop into pneumonia; then Princess Victoria was taken ill, and then Miss Knollys. The Queen,



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 25.*

## THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S POSITION.

QUITE the most remarkable part of the Rhodesian revival is the jump in Chartered shares. That the shares had been to some extent overlooked was one reason for the rise to 25s.; that the market was ripe for such a movement and easily moved by the purchase of a few thousands of shares are two other causes. The Company no doubt can do with money, and by moving the price up, the people responsible for the rise made sure of getting the extra capital which would come in through the exercise of the options over what are known as the option shares. That Chartered are worth five-and-twenty shillings—or even half as much—as a dividend proposition nobody would be likely to waste their time in attempting to disprove. The Company has to find that half-a-million a year for railway interest, and the liability hangs round the Chartered neck like a millstone. Whispers are heard to the effect that something may be done to ease the Company from this burden, and it is evident that a determined effort will again be made to get the price up. The manipulators could hoist it to thirty shillings with ease, if they chose to do so.

## LOWER-PRICED RHODESIANS.

There has been a good deal of indiscriminate buying in the Rhodesian Market, as well as professional puffing of the old-time gambles, and it is fairly obvious that prices are in nearly every case valued at their full worth, if not more than that. Willoughby's, United Rhodesias, the Copper properties, Rhodesia Broken Hills, and similar concerns are not worth their present quotations, and the buyers of to-day will find themselves badly left when the turn comes, and the "puffing" stops. It is difficult to put much faith in any of these mere gambles, but, of course, money can be made by the purchase of shares other than those of strictly investment Companies, and at the time of writing, the Rhodesian Market looks good enough. Mashonaland Agency shares and Lomagundas are not bad to follow so long as the market keeps strong. Incidentally it may perhaps be permitted us to observe that Transvaal Developments, advised here last Wednesday as a purchase of excellent possibilities at 16s., went up with a rush to a guinea a couple of days later.

## BREWERY PROSPECTS AND PRICES.

One of the markets most worth watching at the moment is that given over to Brewery stocks. At the time of the Budget's introduction just after Easter, prices were put down to a slight extent, and stocks became more and more difficult to sell. But when the brewers started to agitate by threatening, through the mouth of the publicans, to advance the price of beer, shrewd people started to buy Brewery stocks. The argument runs that if the Budget is carried and the new taxes upon licenses come into force, the "trade" will in all probability carry out its promise and put up the price of liquor. The rise is likely, as all such things are, to be out of proportion to the cause of it, and will result in the brewers and publicans reaping substantial benefits from the change. Rather less beer will, of course, be drunk, but the reduction is not likely to be material, and the extra halfpenny a glass, or whatever it may be, that the beer costs will come out of the pockets of the unfortunate wives and doubly unfortunate children at home. Whether this be a correct view to take or not, it is the case that many adopt it, and certainly the good Brewery stocks are much firmer now than they have been for some time past.

## SOME SUCCESSFUL COMPANIES.

Some important statements were made at the annual meeting of the *Linggi Plantations*, from which it is possible to form an idea of the production for the next four years. The harvest estimated for the current year is 422,500 lb. of dry rubber, of which 147,500 lb. have been collected in the first four months. The crop will be collected from an area of 1269 acres, and the tapable area for the following years is estimated as follows—

1910	..	..	..	..	1764	acres
1911	..	..	..	..	2947	..
1912	..	..	..	..	4861	..

It appears, therefore, that by 1912 the annual crop should have reached the large figure of 1,690,000 lb., and if rubber should be sold as low as 3s. a pound in that year, the profit would still be sufficient to pay 150 per cent. dividends to shareholders. In face of these figures, I am bound to say that my previous estimate of the value of these shares as 20s. appears to be too low.

The Directors of the *Investment Trust Corporation* have declared a final dividend of 5 per cent., making, with the 4½ per cent. paid in November, a total distribution of 9½ per cent. for the year on the Deferred stock. It may be taken as fairly certain that for the current year the figure will be raised to 10 per cent. Nearly 12 per cent. was actually earned on the Deferred stock for the past year, but £14,107 was carried from profits to reserve. The valuation of the securities shows that, after the payment of the dividend, not only is the capital and reserve fund of £325,000 intact, but that there is an excess over and beyond this of more than £350,000. There is only £624,000 of Deferred stock, so that the break-up value of this stock is about £208 ex. div., as compared with its market quotation of £180 cum-div.

## THE WAIHI GOLD-MINING COMPANY.

The interesting speech of the chairman at this Company's meeting on Thursday should give every satisfaction to shareholders. Mr. Mitchison was at pains to

point out that, although from time to time one or other of the lodes running through this wonderful property has shown a falling-off in size or value, compensation has always been provided in some other part of the mine, so that, as a matter of fact, each successive level has proved more valuable than the one above. It will take many months to open up the present lowest level, the ninth, and no estimate can yet be made as to its value as compared with the eighth level. It is, however, interesting to note that a winze sunk from the Edward lode on the eighth level is in ore worth £5 16s. 4d. at 60 feet down. Most interest will, of course, be felt in the development of the Edward lode on the ninth level, in consequence of its wonderful size and richness in the No. 8 level. It may be worth while mentioning that on the eighth level the Edward lode at 200 feet south of the Martha lode proved to be 75 feet wide, of an average value of £10 5s. 10d. per ton; and at 250 feet, 92 feet wide, worth £3 3s. 10d. per ton. The cost of treating the ore is being steadily reduced, and there seems every reason to expect that the present rate of dividend, or a higher rate, will be maintained for years to come.

P.S.—Among cheap Rubber shares I think well of *Beaufort Borneo and Rubber Trust*. Among the higher-priced dividend-payers the cheapest share at current quotations appears to me to be *Bukit Rajah*.

Argentine Land shares, I hear, are likely to improve, especially Argentine Southern Land, Santa Fé Land, and Port Madryn.

## OUTSIDE BROKERS.

The complaints about outside brokers which have reached us within the last few weeks have been very numerous, and when one considers that markets have been going ahead all the time, and that nearly every outsider runs his so-called bargains against his client, we do not wonder that the fraternity have had a bad time. So long as people will be taken in by flaring advertisements promising £100 profit for every five pounds invested, so long, says the cynic, they deserve to be taken in; and with this sentiment we are more or less in accord. But, after all, there is plenty of good business to be done by an honest broker, not a member of the Stock Exchange, who can advertise in a reasonable way what he is prepared to do, what his charges are, and, above all, who is prepared to advise his clients without having an interest antagonistic to theirs. It seems that Mr. H. St. John Oliver, who has been for many years a member of the Stock Exchange, and threw up his membership the other day of his own free will to start as an honest outside broker, thinks that, properly conducted, such a business should lead on to fortune. Mr. Oliver is going to act as a broker, and not as a dealer; he will have no interest except that of his clients; and we wish him every success, because it will be a great advantage to everybody to have at least one outsider who can be trusted.

## THE RUBBER-TANNED LEATHER COMPANY, LTD.

Among the new issues tumbling over one another to make their bow to the public, this Company, with Lord Suffield as chairman, is offering 125,000 shares of £1 each for subscription at par. The Company is formed to purchase the patents of the Magnus and Davis process and acquire the world's rights, subject to licenses already granted for Australia and New Zealand. It is claimed for the process that hides treated by the invention produce a beautiful soft leather, waterproof and durable, and for many purposes infinitely better than bark-tanned leather. Instead of from five to twelve months (as by the old process), the hides are finished in from five to seven weeks, and large profits are anticipated, not only from royalties, but from the sale of the foreign patents. The capital of the Company is £250,000, in shares of £1 each, and the purchase price is £150,000, of which £125,000 must be taken in fully paid shares, and the balance, at the option of the Company, in cash or shares.

## THE MUREX MAGNETIC PROCESS.

For many years ore-treatment has depended for its success upon the recognition and application of two sets of laws—one chemical, the other mechanical. Recently, however, the phenomena of magnetism have opened up a new pathway to the metallurgist, and it would appear that the problem has at length been solved of treating crude ores by one continuous operation, and thereby recovering practically the whole of their mineral contents. This method, which is known as the Murex Magnetic Process, is in actual operation in the Horseferry Road, Millwall, E., and is the joint invention of Mr. A. A. Lockwood and Mr. Marcus R. A. Samuel. The material upon which operations are conducted goes through a preliminary crushing, and is then mixed with a solution of magnetites, which has the effect of rendering magnetic the metaliferous particles. From the mixing-box the ore is conveyed to the magnetic field, where it is submerged in water, from which the particles fly upward under magnetic influence and attach themselves to a canvas band. Having passed out of the magnetic range, the concentrates are delivered in a high state of purity, while in the case of two or more minerals being present the ordinary processes of concentration can be employed to complete the process of separation. It is claimed for this invention that it solves the question of the treatment of tailings, and that the gross value of the enormous low-grade deposits at Broken Hill is increased by about 10s. per ton, which, on a normal annual output of 1,500,000 tons of lead, zinc, and silver ore, represents a sum of £743,750. The Murex Magnetic Company owns the patents



governing this process in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, Germany, and Austria. The capital of the company is £120,000 in £1 shares, and the directors are the Hon. Lionel Holland, Mr. W. C. Bond (of Messrs. Vivian, Younger, and Bond), Mr. Alex. Stewart (a director of the British Broken Hill Company, and until lately manager of the Broken Hill Proprietary Mine), Mr. Frank Owen, and Mr. Marcus R. A. Samuel (of the firm of Messrs. Joseph Samuel and Sons). Preliminary trials have already been carried out upon the ores of British Columbia, Australasia, and other places, the results being reported as "most successful." During the past week there have been extensive dealings in the £1 shares, 12s. 6d. paid at a premium ranging up to 2½.

Saturday, May 15, 1909.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. F.—Thanks for your interesting letters. We returned the manuscript, as requested. We have not space to discuss the matter in these columns, but you are, we think, far too pessimistic.

J. C. P.—Our information is that the shares should be held.

\*BUSIRIS.—(1) When the Recovery Company lost their action as to the Cyanide patents it practically became hopeless. There is no market for shares in London. With such a thing as Tanks it is quite impossible to prophesy. We should hold on, as Rhodesian things are booming.

S. G.—Certainly split the thousand pounds into, say, three or four investments. (1) Central Argentine Railway Ordinary stock, (2) City of Tokio or San Paulo bonds, (3) International Trust 4½ Pref. stock (or, if you can get it, Indian and General Trust 5 per cent. Pref. stock), (4) a few (say thirty) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Pref. shares, (5) Cuba Gold bonds or Central Bahia "A" stock. Your friend will get over 5 per cent. all round, with good security, and risks well spread.

D. W.—We wrote to you on the 12th inst.

S. A.—Private letters are only written in accordance with Rule 5. The Inter-oceanic of Mexico Pref. should be held. We think as well as ever of them.

T. W. S.—We have no special information as to the Motor shares, but do not like any of them. The Rubber boom is getting a bit dangerous, but the increase in production won't be "enormous" for several years. We expect, in the end, plantation rubber will kill everything else.

LAGOS.—Yes.

R. W. M.—If you write to N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, they will, for a small fee, keep a look-out and inform you if a prize has been drawn. If you liked to forward the bonds to them for inspection they would let you know if they are genuine.

LAME DUCK.—See answer to "S. G.," but you might also buy (1) San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock; (2) River Plate Gas shares; (3) Foreign, American, and General Investment Trust Deferred or Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Deferred; (4) Delta Metal Company shares; (5) Rio de Janeiro New 5 per Cent. Loan. You will average over 5 per cent., and run no undue risks. We do not recommend to you Rubber or Mining shares, because this answer cannot reach you for some weeks.

X. Y. Z.—We prefer Santa Fé Lands, although the other Company is a fair speculation.

#### LINGGI PLANTATIONS.

Sir William Hood Treacher, presiding at the meeting of the Linggi Plantations on Tuesday, May 11, said that the Company's estates now aggregated some 15,000 acres, of which over 5000 acres were under cultivation, and their general manager estimated that during the present year he would harvest 422,500 lb. of dry rubber. The dividend for the present year was 60 per cent., so that in the last four consecutive years the Company had paid 99 per cent. on its Ordinary capital. Extensions, for the time being, had practically ceased, as their staff was fully occupied in dealing with the areas already in cultivation. In addition to rubber, they had let the tin-bearing lands on their Kamuning estate to tributors, who would pay them a percentage on the tin won, and from that source the manager estimated a revenue of £5000 during the coming year. The report was adopted.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At York, Normanie may win the Flying Dutchman Handicap, and Maid of Perth the Melrose Handicap. I think the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath will be won by The Nut, and Finchall should capture the Kelston Welter. I like Jacobite for the Spring Handicap at Doncaster, and Mercredi for the Chesterfield Handicap. At Salisbury, Specificall may win the Cup, and Greenback the Foal Stakes. The Royal Handicap at Windsor should go to Prester Jack, and the Romney Handicap to Vic. At Epsom, on the opening day, Helmet II. may win the Egmont Plate, Seaham the Epsom Plate, and Detection the Norbury Plate.

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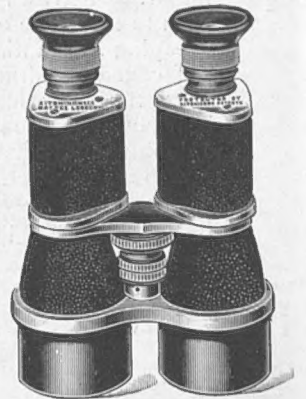
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